

314<sup>TH</sup> AIR DIVISION



SONG BOOK

27 Mar 62

Dr. D. P. Mc Allester.

Here is the book I promised. Many of the songs make little sense to an outsider. I have added some clarificatory notes. The tunes are all simple, well known items. Most of the songs cover (1) sex or women (2) whiskey or alcoholic beverage (3) death (4) frustration or goof-up. All have local color. e.g.

<sup>POETIC  
INFLUENCE</sup> "Hot floors and kimchi and wild, wild  
~~wasted~~ Jossans,  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive  
you insane."

OR

"Wet up on 180  
where the Colours all live  
It's a D. V. type question  
where love lessons they give.

The girls all have been there  
On many a nite.  
Now some were 'way tired  
And some got dam tight.

Etc.

to  
"Give my regards to Ossy,  
Remember me to old Tacko.  
Tell all the boys along the 38<sup>th</sup>  
That my tour here is through.  
Tell them off how I'm tenacious,

38<sup>th</sup> place  
in Asia

or  
OR

"Training for the old 21,  
give my regards to STANLEY RHOE  
Tell 'em kiss my ass - good bye!"

"WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AND YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT TO DO --

Visit Mother's. } MOTION'S IS OR, WAS A  
Visit Mother's. } "WHITE HOUSE" IN A  
PLACE CALLED CHICAGO  
VILLAGE, -- AS I RECALL,  
THEY WERE 800  
PROSTITUTES COUNTED  
IN THIS VILLAGE. U.S.  
BUT POPULATION WAS  
ABOUT 2000 - A  
REMARKABLE RATIO: 800  
2000 D

or in I love Kansas in the summer -  
when it is 82 degrees.

I love Kunashir in the winter --  
when it freezes.

WNY on WNY DO I want Kansas,

BECAUSE MY "ASS" IS HERE.

1956 May 10 Frisco

Because Mr "Ass" is here.

And now we find such famous as:

"Down along the Mekong  
where the muddy water flows  
etc.

D<sub>12</sub>

T<sub>HC</sub>

SID

T<sub>HO</sub>

MOS

WBI

TION

~~SOOT  
PARTS~~

OR

6e.

	<u>PAGE</u>
Meet Me In Kyoto.....	1
Beside A Guinea Water Fall.....	2
"O'Riley's Bar" .....	3
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke.....	4
Air Force "801" .....	5
Old Soldiers Never Die.....	6
The Aeroplane Commander.....	8
Quartermasters Corps.....	10
Molly Malone.....	12
How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm .....	13
I've Got Six-Pence.....	14
I'll Take The Leg From Off The Table.....	16
Loch Lomond.....	17
Who's Sorry Now?.....	20
Summer Time.....	22
Daisy, Daisy.....	22
Sweet Adeline.....	24
You're a Grand Old Flag.....	25
The Air Force Song.....	26
Blood On The Risers .....	28
White Mistress.....	32
It's The Same The World Over.....	33
In The Clover.....	34
Bombed Last Night.....	36
I Used To Work In Chicago.....	38
I Want A Beer.....	40

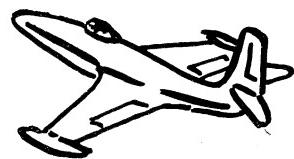
	<u>PAGE</u>
The Purple Garter.....	41
S. O. S. Song.....	42
Infantry.....	44
Alouette.....	46
I Wanted Wings.....	48
Come On Join The Air Corps.....	50
Take Me Back To The Mainland.....	54
Mademoiselle From Armentieres.....	57
Blow The Man Down.....	60
Vive L'Amour.....	62
My Money Making Family.....	64
Coney Island Baby.....	66
Bicycle Built For Two.....	68
Roll Out The Barrel.....	69
A Man Without A Woman.....	70
I've Been Working On The Railroad.....	72
Landlord Fill The Flowing Bowl.....	74
The Darktown Strutters Ball.....	75
The Dutch Family.....	76
Her Mother Never Told Her.....	78
Sammy Small.....	80
Korea Antung.....	81
Just Make Me Operations.....	82
No Fighter Pilots Down In Hell.....	83
Pusan U.....	83
Early Abort.....	84

# MEET ME IN KYOTO ("Meet Me in St Louis")

Meet me in Kyoto moto, meet me at the shrine,  
Take your shoes off when you enter or you'll pay a fine  
We will have some Sukiyaki  
Then we will have a cup of Sakia if you will  
Meet me in Kyoto moto, meet me at the shrine.

# MOONSHINE ("You Are My Sunshine")

You are my Moonshine  
My only Moonshine — You guide my fighters  
When skies are gray  
I chase your bogies from here to Moji  
Just to find they're gone the other way



The other day boys, As I was flying, I  
Heard Moonshine Controller say "I've got  
a bogie down by Kurume, won't you head  
your jet that -- a -- way? He said he had me  
in radar contact, and I believed him like  
a dope, and still no bogie, he'd chased a  
fly across the scope

RADAR scope

You were my Moonshine  
My only Moonshine, How could you let me  
down this way My chute was swingin'  
they heard me singin'  
Won't you take my Moonshine away.

A  
"Moonshine" / Moonshine  
around  
fronton  
Radar  
is the  
control  
unit  
that  
Kurume  
war.



Both selections by

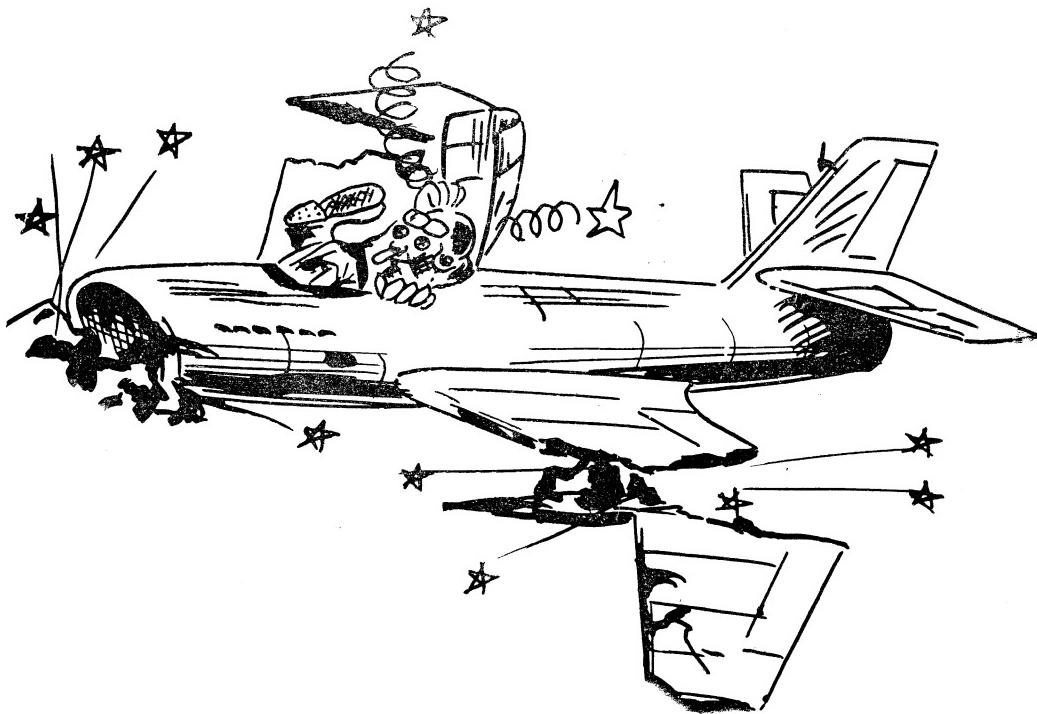
Radar & Hammerhead

# BESIDE A GUINEA WATER FALL

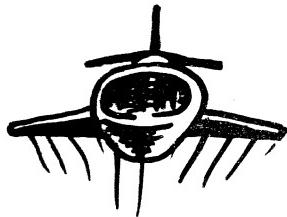
Beside a Guinea water fall, one bright and sunny day,  
Beside his shattered Mustang a young pursuiter lay.  
His Parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead,  
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright,  
"Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, and poker every night;  
"There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing,  
"And all our crews are women - Oh death, where is thy sting?"

"Oh, death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling,  
"Oh, death, where is thy sting?  
"The bells of hell will ring-a-ling  
"For YOU -- but not for ME".



# "O'RILEY'S BAR"



'Twas a cold winter evening, the guests were all leaving,  
O'Riley was closing the bar;  
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,  
"Get out, you can't stay where you are".

She shed a large tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead;  
When a gentlemen dapper stepped out of the crapper  
And these are the words that he said,

"Her Mother never told her  
The things a young girl should know,  
About the ways of Air Force men  
And how they come and go".

"Age has taken her beauty  
And fate has left her its scar  
So remember your Mothers and sisters, boys,  
And let her sleep under the bar".



# TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE

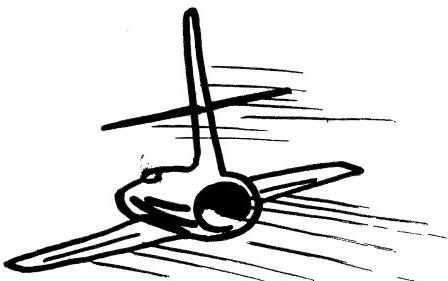
## (Hawaiian War Chant )

TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE,  
TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE,  
TACHIKWA, \*\*\* YOKOHAMA \*\*\* ITAZUKE IS THE PLACE.  
Ah, So, (TACHIKAWA); Ah, So, (YOKOHAMA);  
Ah, So, (ITAZUKE); Ah, So, KiMPO!  
“Frozen Chosen is the Place for you my boy,”  
“Frozen Chosen is the Place for you my boy,”  
“Frozen Chosen, \*\*\* Frozen Chosen, \*\*\* Frozen Chosen is the Place.”  
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen);  
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO!



# AIR FORCE "801..

## (Wabash Cannon Ball )



Listen to the rumble, oh hear old Merlin roar  
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before  
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream  
And hear old Merlin moan  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the down wind leg  
My prop has overrun  
My coolant's overheated, the guage says 1-2-1  
You better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower  
I can not call the crash crew  
'Cause this is coffee hour  
Your not cleared in the pattern  
Now that is plain to see  
So take it on around again, we have some VIP

VIP = Very Important Person

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the down wind leg, I see your biscuit gun  
My engine's runnin rough, and the coolant's gonna blow  
I'm gonna buy a Mustang, so look out down below.

Lung = Lung Power

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the final, and runnin' on one lung  
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say  
I gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgement day.

Air Force 801, this is judgement day  
You're in Pilot's Heaven and you are here to stay  
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well  
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell.

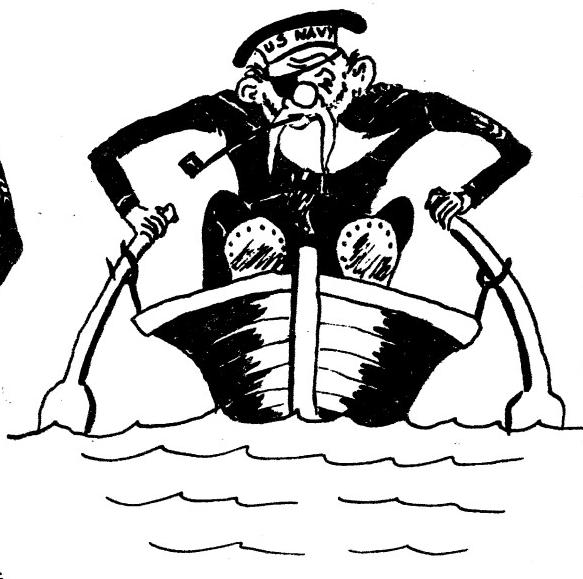
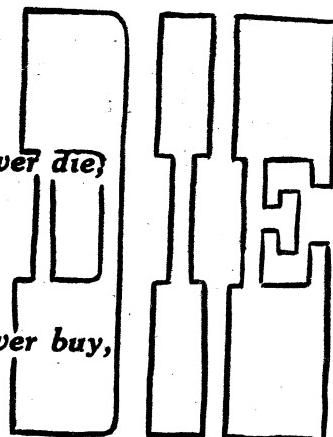
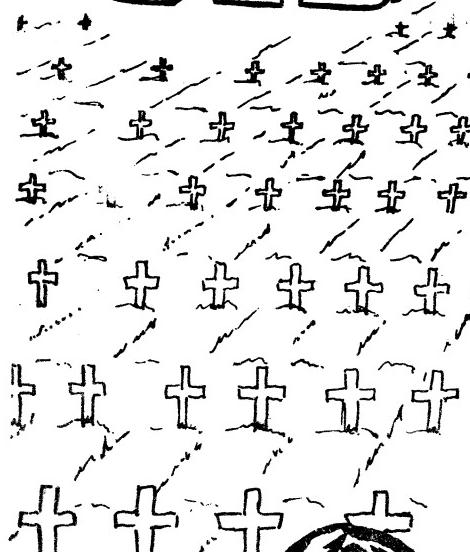
"Romeo" McCrystal

# Old Soldiers Never Die

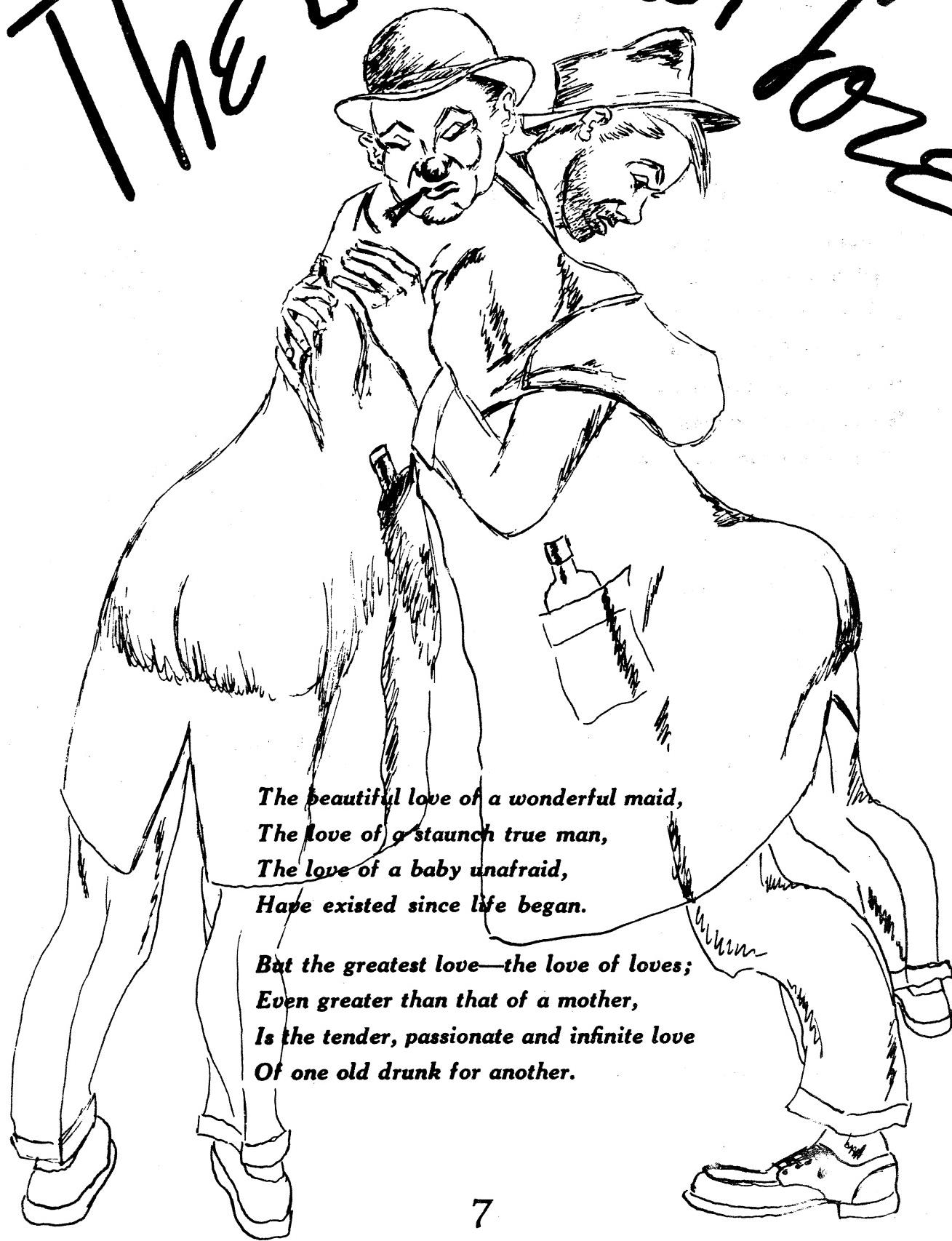
Old soldiers never die, never die, never die,  
Old soldiers never die—  
They just fade away.

Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy,  
Old sailors never buy—  
They just sail away.

Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly,  
Old pilots never fly—  
They just draw their pay.



# **THE GREATEST LOVE**



*The beautiful love of a wonderful maid,  
The love of a staunch true man,  
The love of a baby unafraid,  
Have existed since life began.*

*But the greatest love—the love of loves;  
Even greater than that of a mother,  
Is the tender, passionate and infinite love  
Of one old drunk for another.*

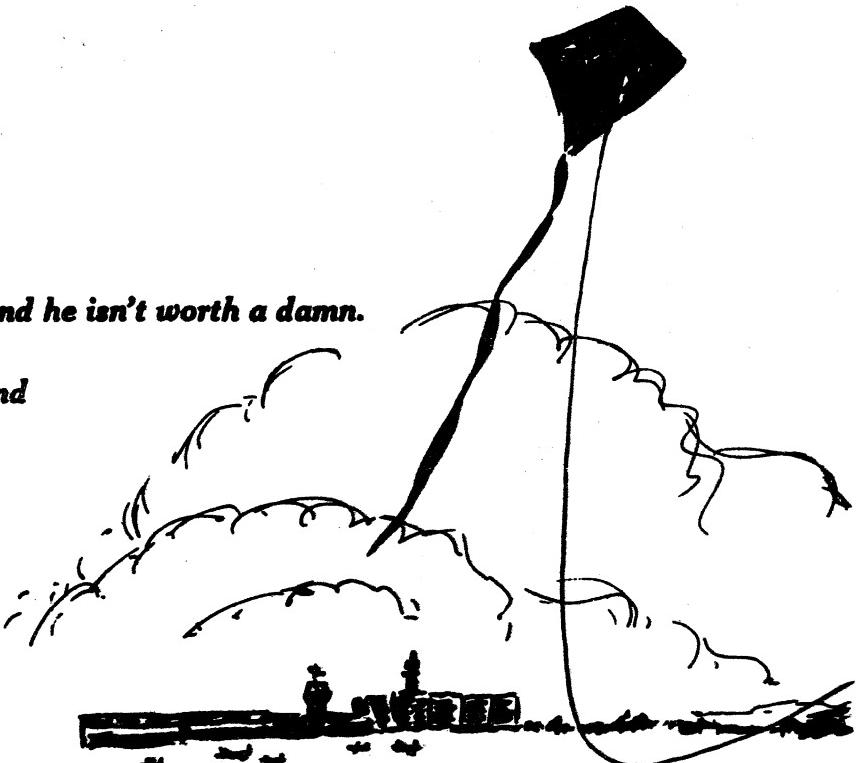
# The AEROPLANE

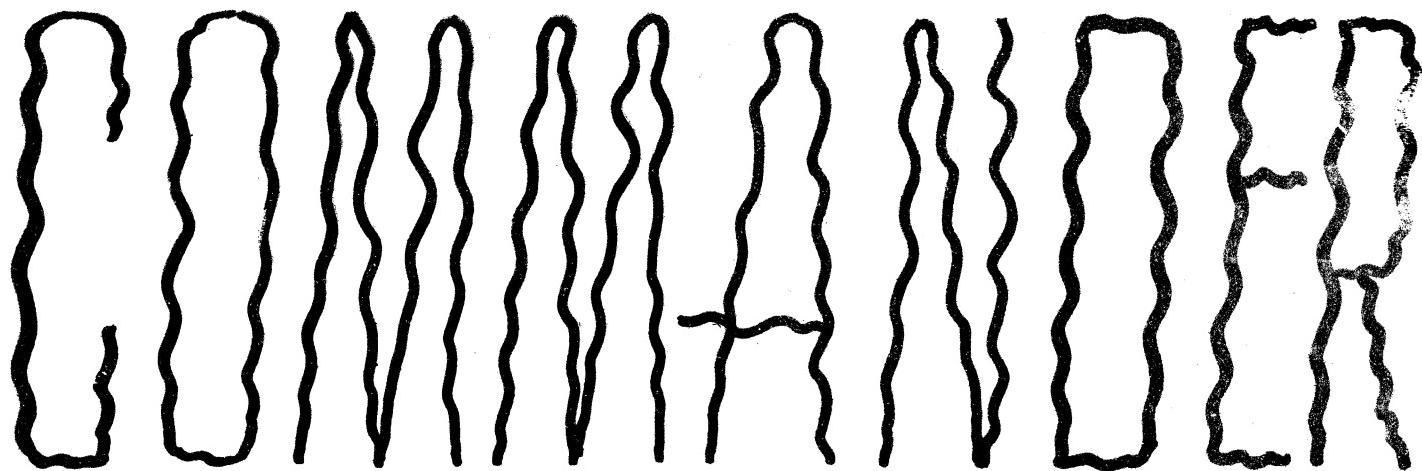
(Tune: "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech")

If you ever see a guy,  
With lots of age and rank,  
Who's just about as useful  
As an empty bellytank;  
Who hardly ever flies at all,  
Who's quiet as a lamb...  
It's an Aeroplane Commander, and he isn't worth a damn.

For up in Washington they found  
The Air Corps had a lot  
Of broken down old pilots  
Who weren't very hot;  
So they gave a fancy rating  
To each decrepit lout;  
Thus we got Command Pilots,  
You can see them all about.

When he gets inside a ship  
We help him to his seat.  
We tell him to be careful  
Not to get beneath our feet.  
We let him hold the maps when he  
Would like to bear a hand,  
But as Aeroplane Commander  
He can't take her off or land.





*When the gyropilot's on  
And everything is sweet,  
We sometimes let him come and take  
The young co-pilot's seat.  
He thinks the plane is guided by  
A pair of leather reins,  
For he's got three thousand hours, but  
He ain't got any brains.*

*He doesn't take command at all  
He's always fast asleep,  
And when we ask for his advice  
He doesn't give a peep.  
But when we roll her in a ball  
With lots of noise and flame,  
It's the Aeroplane Commander  
Who always takes the blame.*

*He's lost what flying skill he's had  
He's old and broken down;  
Young pilots all day, sorry for  
This poor enfeebled clown.  
Instead of feeling sorry  
They should all be pretty glad,  
They'll be Aeroplane Commanders, too,  
In the years to come.*



### QUARTERMASTER CORPS

*My eyes are dim, I cannot see,  
I have not brought my specs with me.  
I have not brought my specs with me.*

*It's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey,  
That makes you feel so frisky  
In the Corps, in the Corps.*

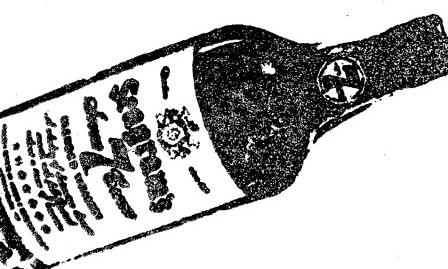
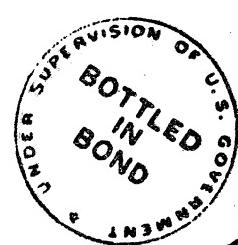
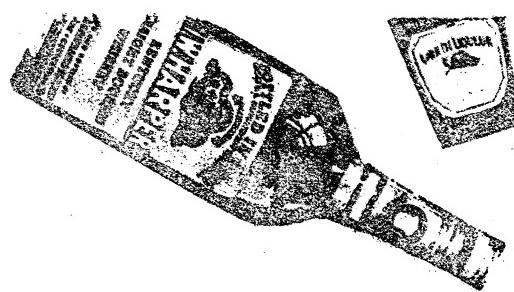
*It's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey  
That makes you feel so frisky,  
In the Quartermaster Corps.*

*It's gin, gin, gin,  
That makes you want to sin  
In the Corps, in the Corps.*

*It's gin, gin, gin  
That makes you want to sin,  
In the Quartermaster Corps.*

*It's rum, rum, rum,  
That makes you feel so glum  
In the Corps, in the Corps.*

*It's rum, rum, rum  
That makes you feel so glum.*



# CO-PILOT'S LAMENT



(Tune: "The Cowboy's Lament")

*I'm the co-pilot . . . I sit on the right,  
It's up to me to be quick and bright.  
I never talk back, for I'll have regrets  
And I must remember what the captain forgets.*

*I make out the flight plan and study the weather,  
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,  
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,  
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring.*

*I take the readings and adjust the power,  
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,  
Tell where we are on the darkest night,  
And do all the book work without any light.*

*I call for my captain and buy him cokes,  
I always laugh at his corny jokes,  
And once in awhile when his landings are rusty  
I come through with "Gosh, ain't it gusty?"*

*All in all, I'm a general stooge  
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge.  
But maybe some day with great understanding,  
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.*

## MOLLY MALONE

*In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she wheel'd her wheelbarrow thro' streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive, O!"*

**(CHORUS)**

*"Alive, alive o! Alive, alive, O!"  
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive, O!"*

*She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before,  
And they each wheel'd their barrow thro' streets broad and  
narrow,*

*Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive, O!"*

**(REPEAT CHORUS)**

*She died of a fever, and no one could save her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;  
But her ghost wheels her barrow thro' streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive, O!"*

**(REPEAT CHORUS)**

## **HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM**

*How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm,  
After they've seen Paree?  
How ya gonna keep 'em away from Broadway?  
Jazzin' aroun' and paintin' the town?  
How you gonna keep 'em from harm?  
That's a mystery.  
They'll never want to see a rake or plow,  
And who the hell can parley-vous a cow?  
How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm,  
After they've seen Paree.*





### *I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE*

*I've got six-pence—jolly, jolly six-pence,  
I've got six-pence to last me all my life.  
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend,  
And tuppence to send home to my wife.*

*No cares have I to grieve me,  
No pretty little girls to deceive me,  
I'm happy as a lark, believe me,  
As we go rolling, rolling home.*

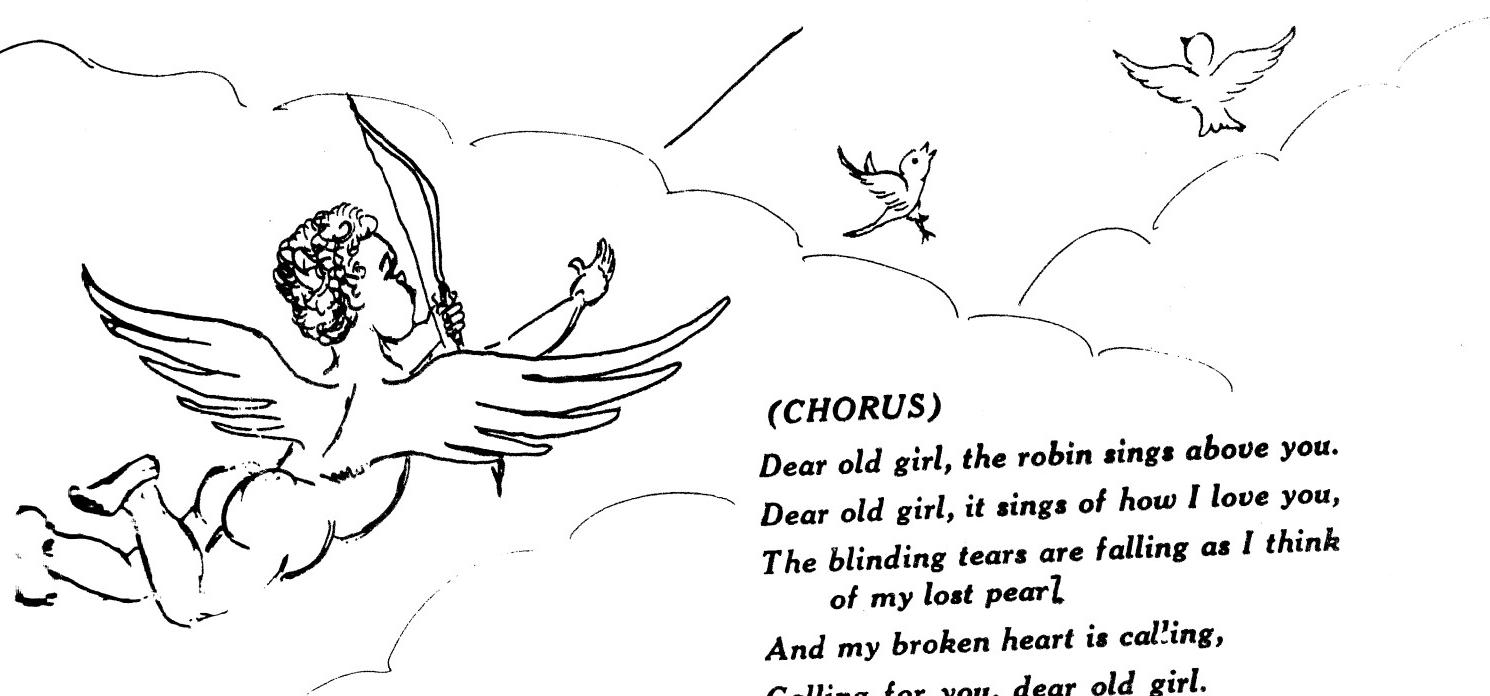
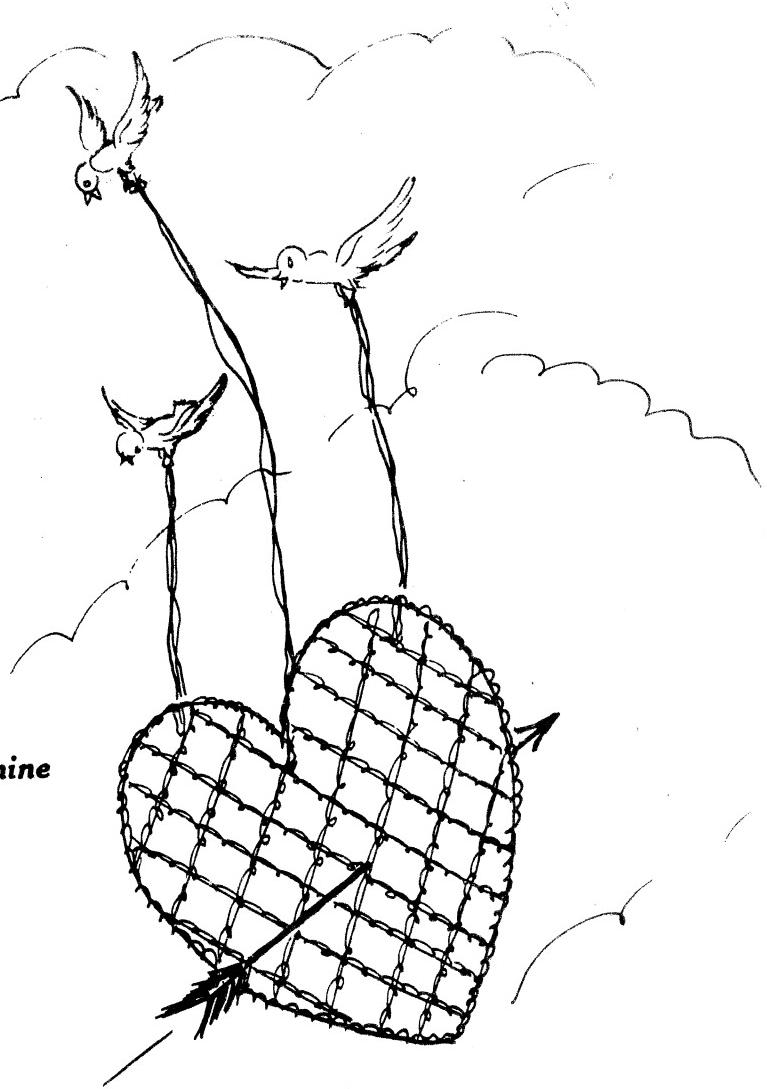
*(CHORUS)*

*Rolling home, rolling home,  
By the light of the silvery moon;  
Happy is the day, when the Navy gets its pay,  
As we go rolling, rolling home.*

## **DEAR OLD GIRL**

### **(VERSE)**

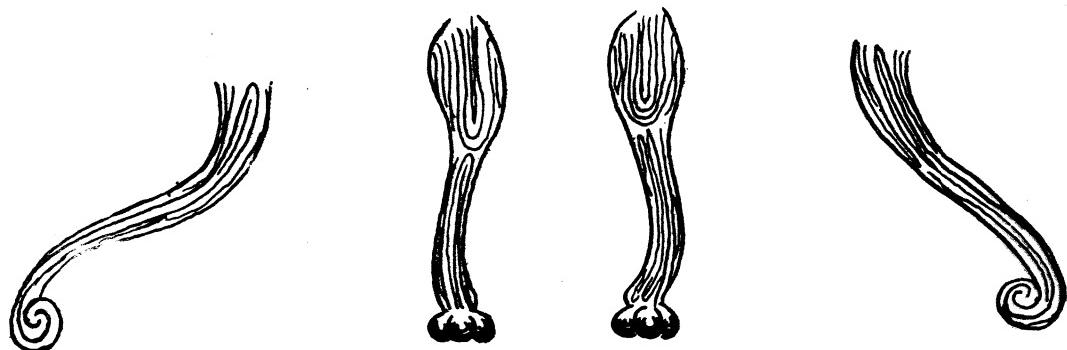
'Twas a sunny day in June  
When the birds were all in tune  
And the songs they sang all seemed  
to be of you.  
And the words I came to speak  
Brought blushes to your cheeks  
As you whispered "Yes," and fondly  
kissed me too.  
I could see the love light shine  
In your bright eyes, sweetheart mine  
When the preacher said the word that  
made us one.  
And you have been a faithful wife  
in the changing scenes of life  
Until the Master said "Your work on  
earth is done."



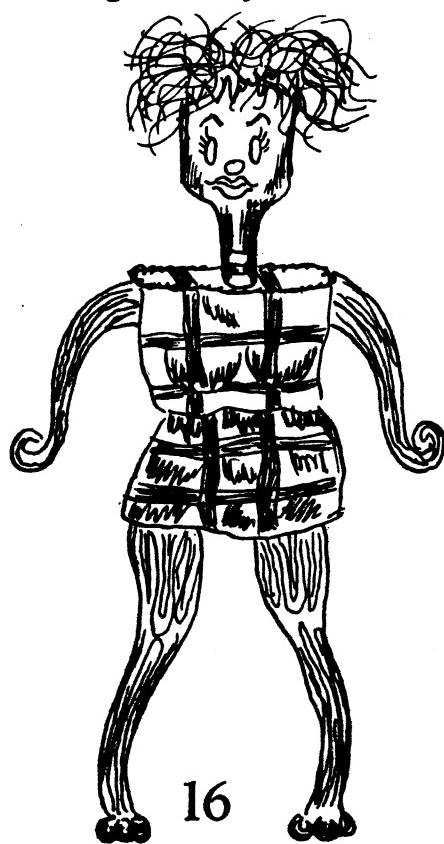
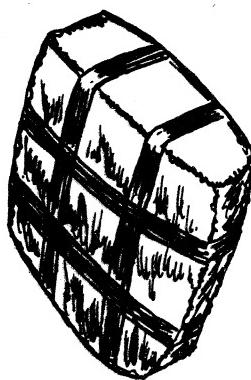
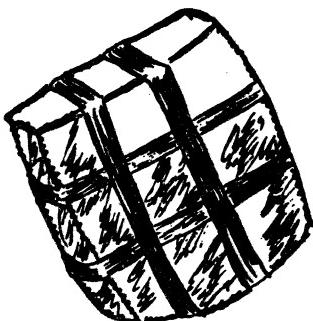
### **(CHORUS)**

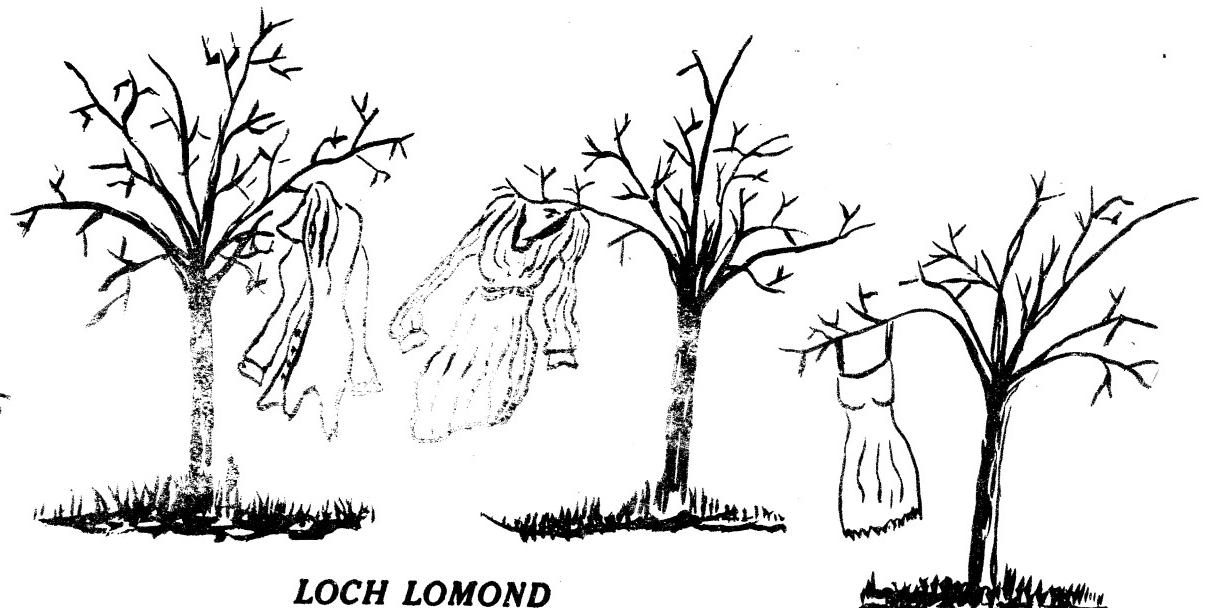
Dear old girl, the robin sings above you.  
Dear old girl, it sings of how I love you,  
The blinding tears are falling as I think  
of my lost pearl  
And my broken heart is calling,  
Calling for you, dear old girl.

# I'll Take The Leg From Off The Table



*I'll take the leg from off the table,  
I'll take an arm from off a chair,  
I'll take the body from the davenport,  
And from the mattress get the hair.  
I'll take the neck from off a bottle,  
And then I bet you when I'm through,  
I'll get a lot more loving  
From that goddam dummy  
Than I ever got from you.*



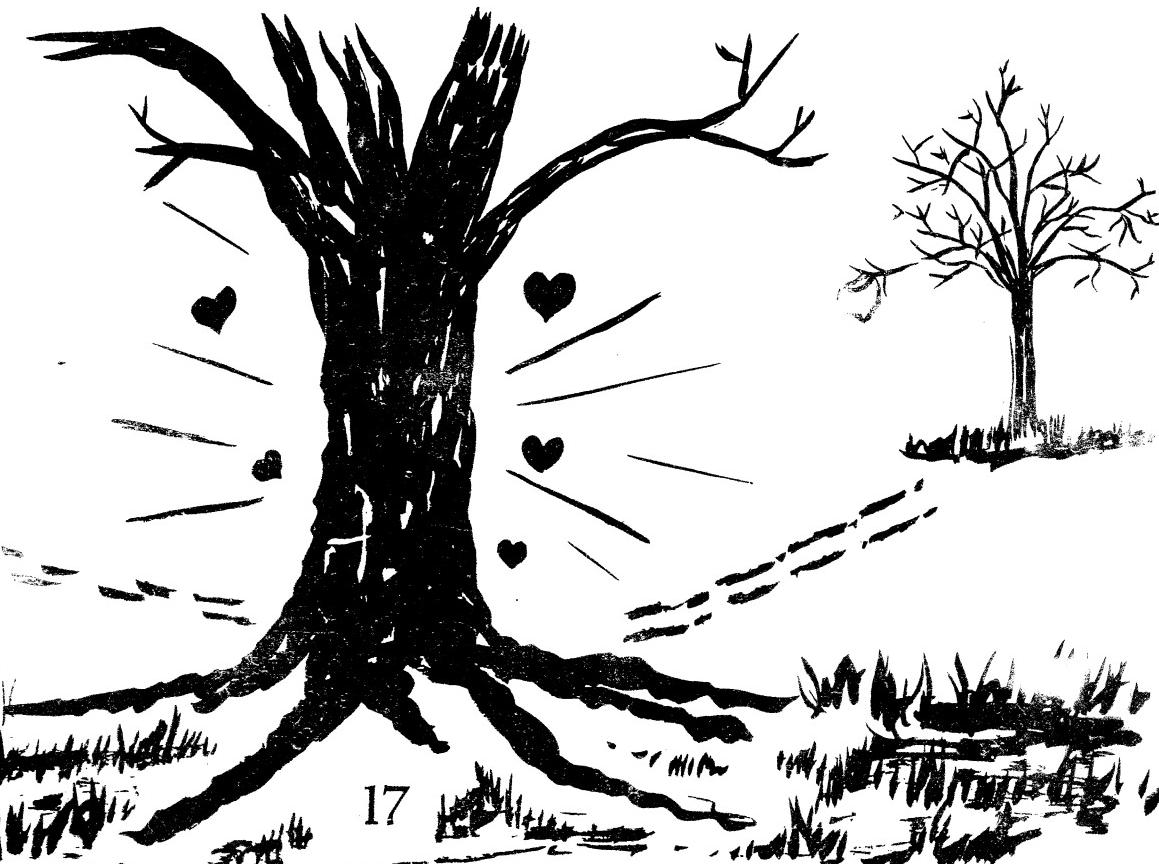
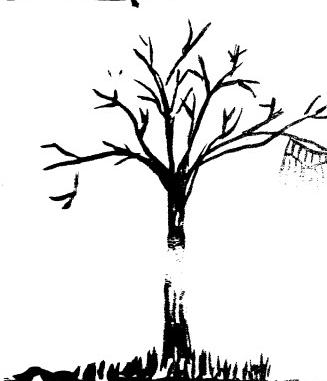
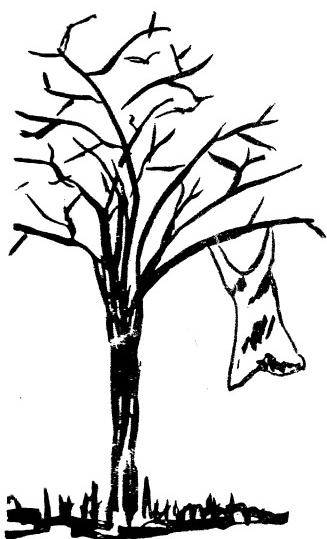
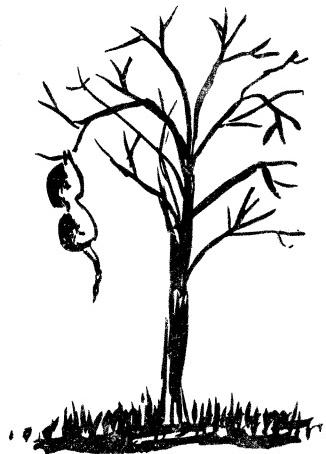


### LOCH LOMOND

*By you bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,  
Where me and my true love were ever wont and gae  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.*

#### (CHORUS)

*Oh, ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
But me and my true love will never meet again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.*



# ABDULLAH E

*Oh the sons of the prophet were valiant and brave  
And quite unaccustomed to fear,  
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the shah  
Was Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.*

*When they needed a man to encourage the van  
Or harass the foe from the rear,  
Or storm a redoubt, they had only to shout  
For Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.*

*There are men of renown and well known to fame  
In the army that's led by the czar,  
But the best known of all was a man by the name  
Of Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.*

*He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool,  
And strum on the Spanish guitar;  
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team  
Was Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.*

*One day this bold Russian he shouldered his gun  
And with his most truculent sneer,  
Was looking for fun when he happened to run  
Upon Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.*

*"Young man," said Bul-Bul, "is existence so dull  
That you're anxious to end your career?  
For, infidel, know you have trod on the toe  
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."*

*Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end  
Will avail you but little, I fear,  
For you never will survive to repeat them alive,  
Mr. Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."*

# L-BUL AMIR

"O, take one last look at this cool shady nook,  
"And send your regrets to the czar,  
"By which I imply you are going to die,  
"Mr. Ivan Petrovsky Skivar."

Then this haughty Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,  
And shouting, "Allah Akbar,"  
And on murder bent he ferociously went  
For Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

As Abdullah's long knife was extracting the life,  
In fact, as he shouted "Huzzah,"  
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck,  
Count Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

The Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell,  
Expecting the victor to cheer,  
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh  
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch too, in his uniform blue,  
Rode up in his new crested car;  
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line  
With Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

On a stone by the banks where the Danube doth roll,  
Engraved in characters clear,  
Is "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul  
"Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."

A Muscovite maid her long vigil doth keep,  
Alone 'neath the cold northern star,  
And the name that she murmurs in vain as she weeps  
Is "Ivan Petrovsky Skivar."

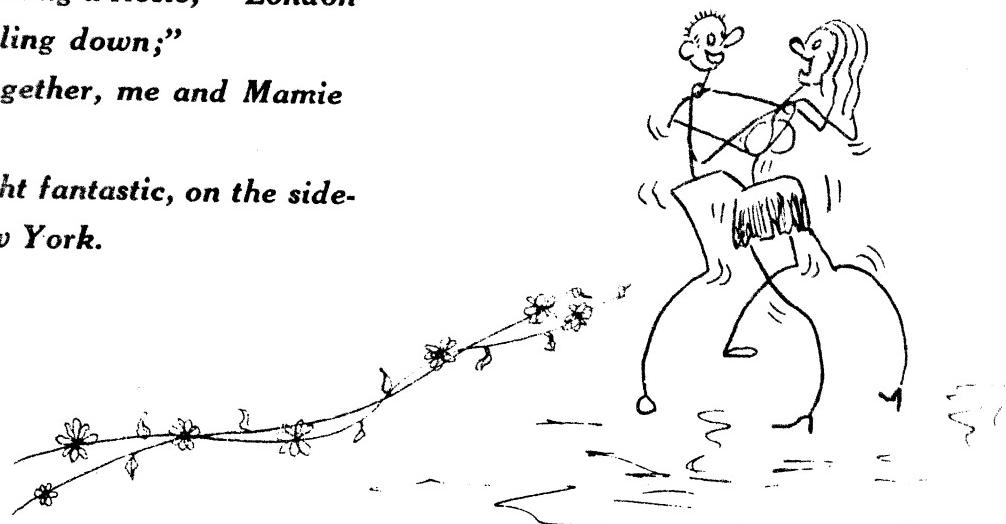
## **WHO'S SORRY NOW?**

*Who's sorry now? Who's sorry now?  
Whose heart is aching for breaking each vow?  
Who's sad and blue? Who's crying too?  
Just like I cried over you.*

*Right to the end,  
Just like a friend,  
I tried to warn you somehow.  
You had your way,  
Now you must pay;  
I'm glad that you're sorry now.*

# M E D

*Eastside, Westside, all around the town,  
The tots sang "Ring-a-Rosie," "London  
Bridge is falling down;"  
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie  
O'Rorke,  
Tripped the light fantastic, on the side-  
walks of New York.*

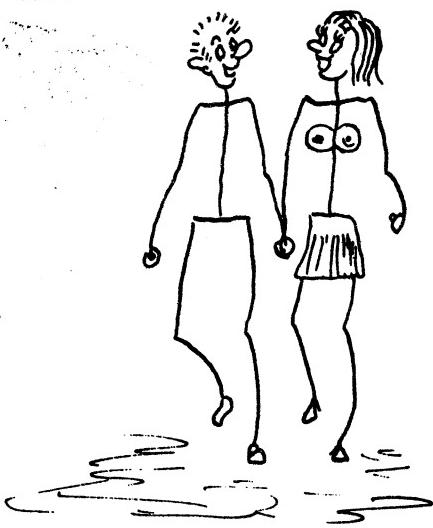


*She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,  
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe.  
Soon we'll marry, never to part;  
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.*

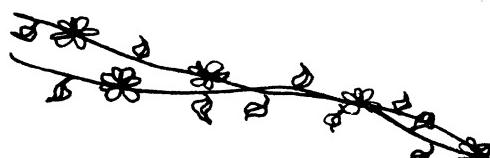
*Sweet Rosie O'Grady,  
My dear little rose,  
She's my steady lady,  
Most everyone knows.  
And when we are married,  
How happy we'll be;  
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady  
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.*



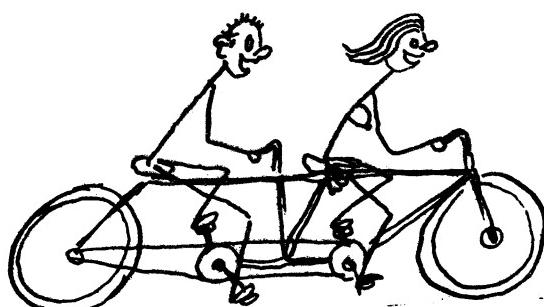
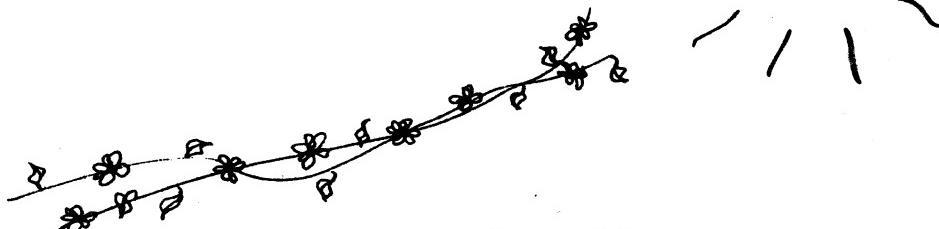
# LEY



*In the good old summer time,  
In the good old summer time,  
Strolling down the shady lane with your  
sweetheart mine;  
She holds your hands and you hold hers,  
And that's a very good sign  
That's she's your tootsie-wootsie  
In the good old summer time.*



*The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,  
They say such things, and they do such things  
On the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,  
I'll never go there any more!*



*Daisy, Daisy,  
Give me your answer, do!  
I'm half crazy,  
All for the love of you!  
It won't be a stylish marriage,  
I can't afford a carriage,  
But you'll look sweet,  
Upon the seat  
Of a bicycle built for two!*

## **WALTZING MATILDA**

*Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong  
Under the shade of a koolabah tree,  
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled:  
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

### **(CHORUS)**

*Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me,  
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled:  
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

*Down came jumbuck to drink beside the billabong,  
Up jumped swagman and seized him with glee,  
And he sang as he tucked that jumbuck in his tuckerbag:  
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

### **(REPEAT CHORUS)**

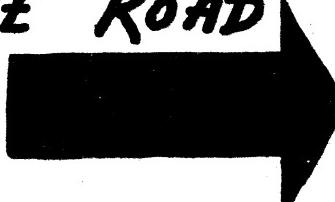
*Down came the stockman riding on his thorobred,  
Down came the troopers—One, two, three!  
Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?  
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

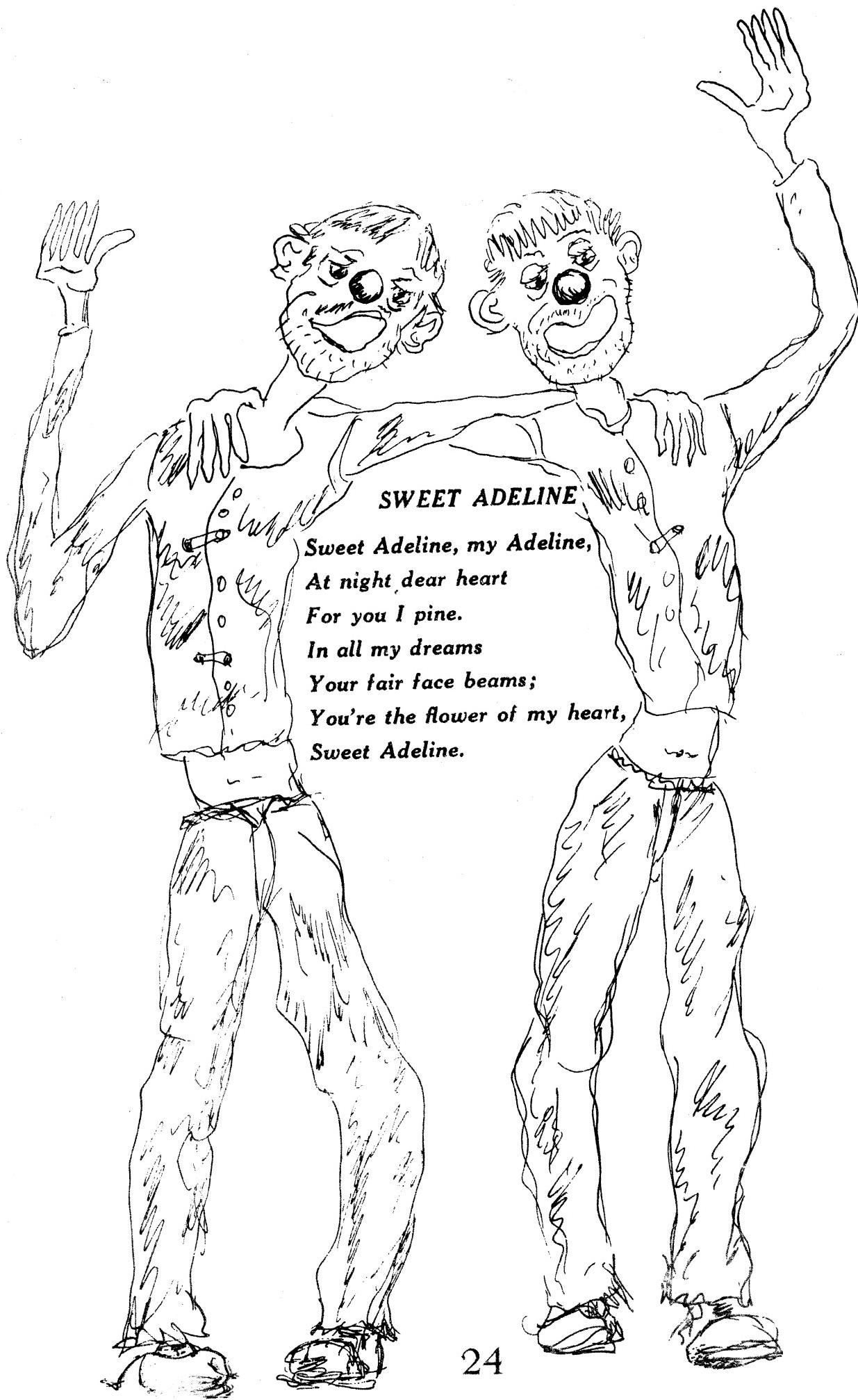
### **(REPEAT CHORUS)**

*Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong.  
You'll never catch me alive, said he.  
And his ghost may be heard as you walk beside the billabong:  
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

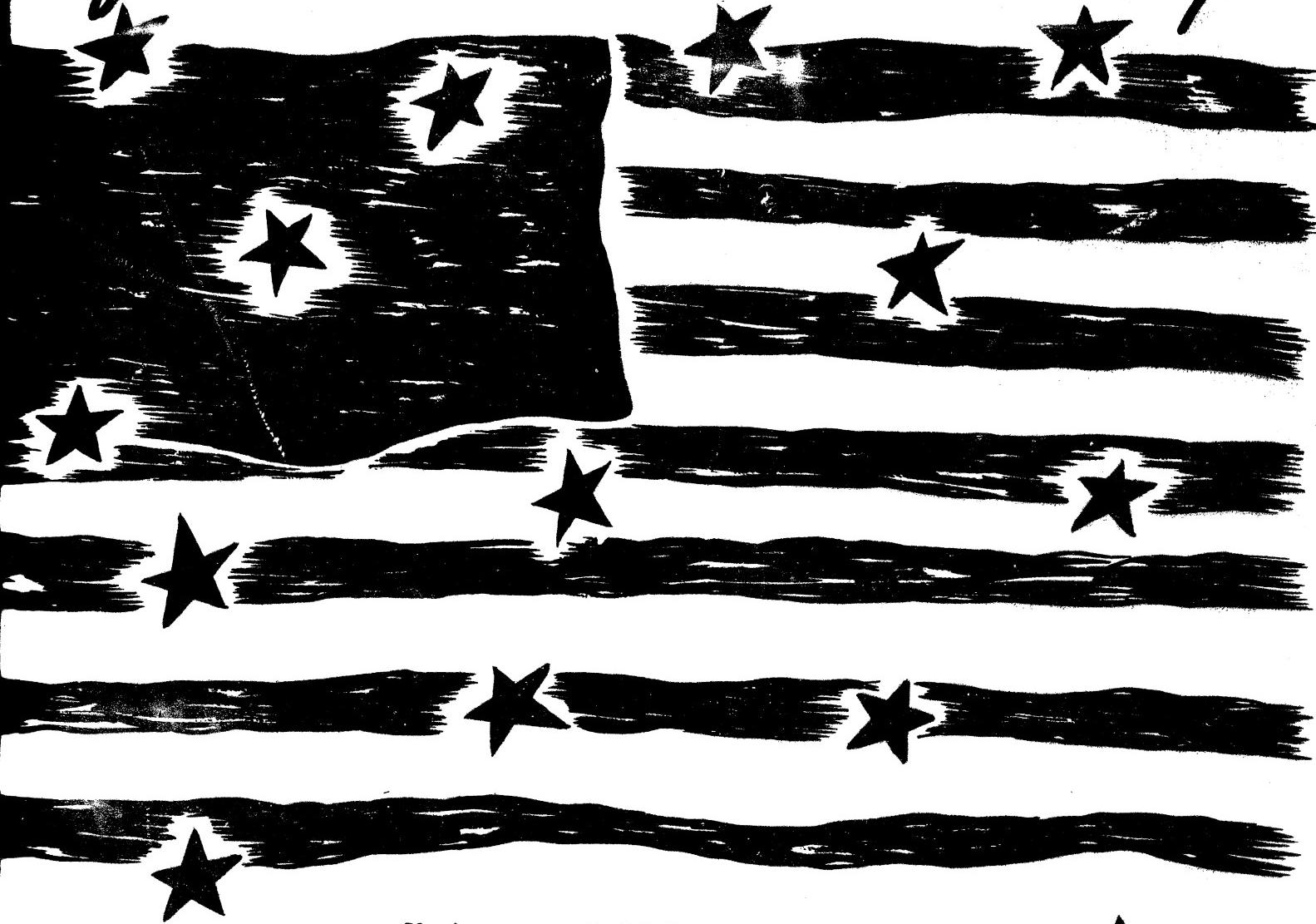
### **(REPEAT CHORUS)**

**AND FINALLY, NOT ONE  
BUT THREE ...  
FOR THE ROAD**





# You're a Grand Old Flag



*You're a grand old flag,  
You're a high flying flag,  
And forever in peace may you wave.  
You're the emblem of the land I love,  
The home of the free and the brave.*

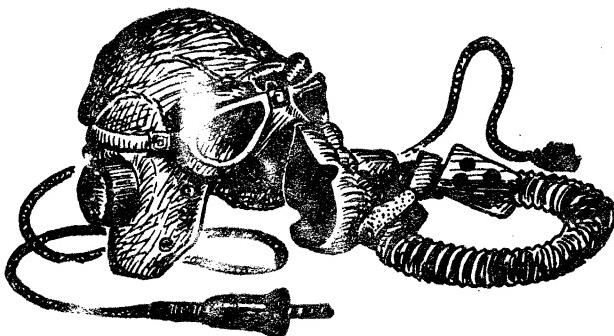
*Every heart beats true,  
Under red, white and blue,  
Where there's never a boast or brag.  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
Keep your eyes on the Grand Old Flag.*

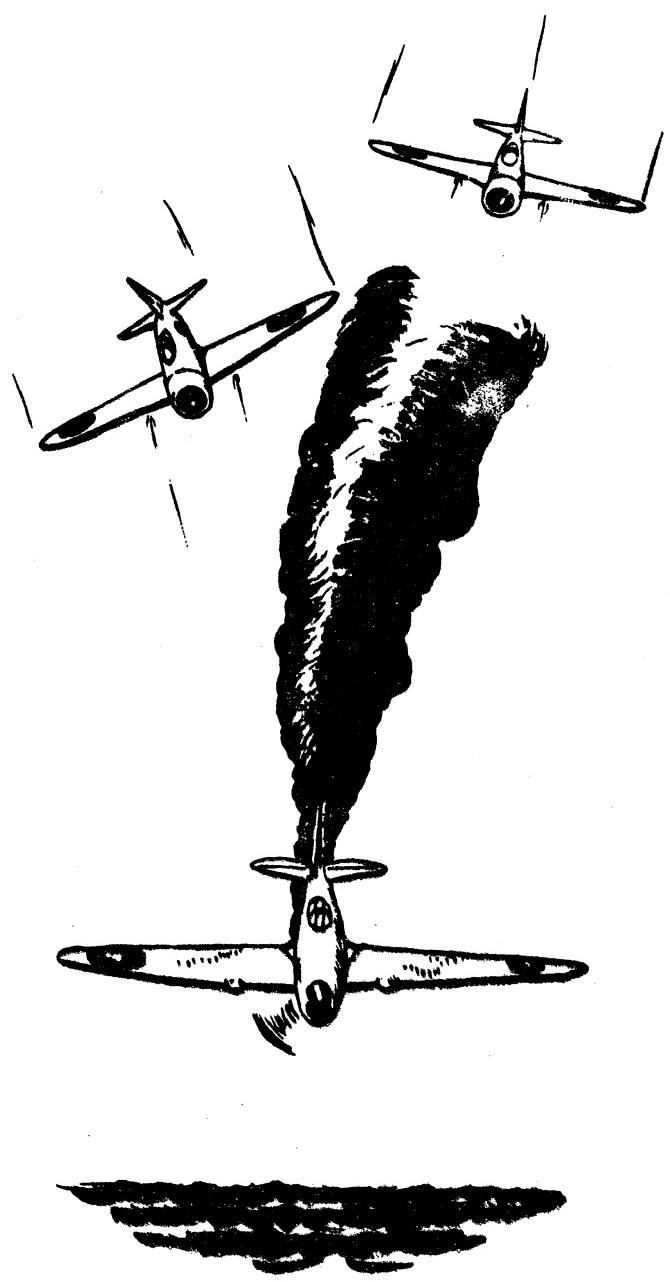
# THE AIR FORCE SONG



*Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
Climbing high into the sun.  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,  
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun! .  
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one terrible roar!  
We live in fame... go down in flame,  
Boy! Nothing will stop the nation's Air Force.*

*Off we go into the wild sky yonder,  
Keep the wings level and true.  
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder,  
Keep the nose out of the blue.  
Flying men guarding the nation's border,  
We'll be there, followed by more.  
In echelon we carry on,  
Boy! Nothing will stop the nation's Air Force.*





# BLOOD ON THE RISERS

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

"Is everybody happy?" cried the sergeant, looking up.  
Our hero feebly answered "Yes", and then they stood him up,  
He leaped right out into the blast, his static line unhooked,  
He ain't gonna jump no more!!

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock,  
He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop,  
He jerked the cord, the silk spilled out, and wrapped around his  
legs,  
He ain't gonna jump no more!!

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome,  
The lines were snarled and tied in knots, around his skinny  
bones,  
The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled to the ground.  
He ain't gonna jump no more!!

The days he'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through  
his mind,  
He thought about the girl back home, the one he had left  
behind,  
He thought about the medico's, and wondered what they'd find,  
He ain't gonna jump no more!!

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild,  
The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their  
sleeves and smiled,  
For it had been a week or more since last a 'chute had failed,  
He ain't gonna jump no more!!

He hit the ground, the sound was "SPLAAT", his blood went  
spurting high,  
His comrades were then heard to say, "A helluva way to die."  
He lay there rolling 'round in the welter of his gore,  
He ain't gonna jump no more!!

## **THE SONG OF THE BOMBARDIERS**

*We're ready to make a flight,  
The gunner is at his sight,  
The bomber is fuel'd and ready to go,  
The weather is clear tonight;  
A typical "bomber moon,"  
The motors are all in tune,  
The pilot is in the cockpit,  
So! we've got to get goin' soon.*

### **REFRAIN**

*To roar away with the bombardiers,  
Rack up the eggs, line up the "golden goose,"  
Roar away with the bombardiers,  
We're headin' for the spot to turn 'em loose.  
High or low, in rain or snow, or 'neath a tropical sun.  
Off we go, look out below, we've got a job to be dore,  
With bombs, bombs, bombs dropped as souveniors.  
From the U. S. bombardiers.*

### **ALTERNATE REFRAIN**

*Night or day, in rain or snow, or skies as clear as a bell.  
"Bombs away" means "off we go," to give 'em plenty of hell,  
With bombs, bombs, bombs dropped as souvenirs,  
From the U. S. bombardiers.*

*There was blood upon the risers there were brains upon the  
'chute,*

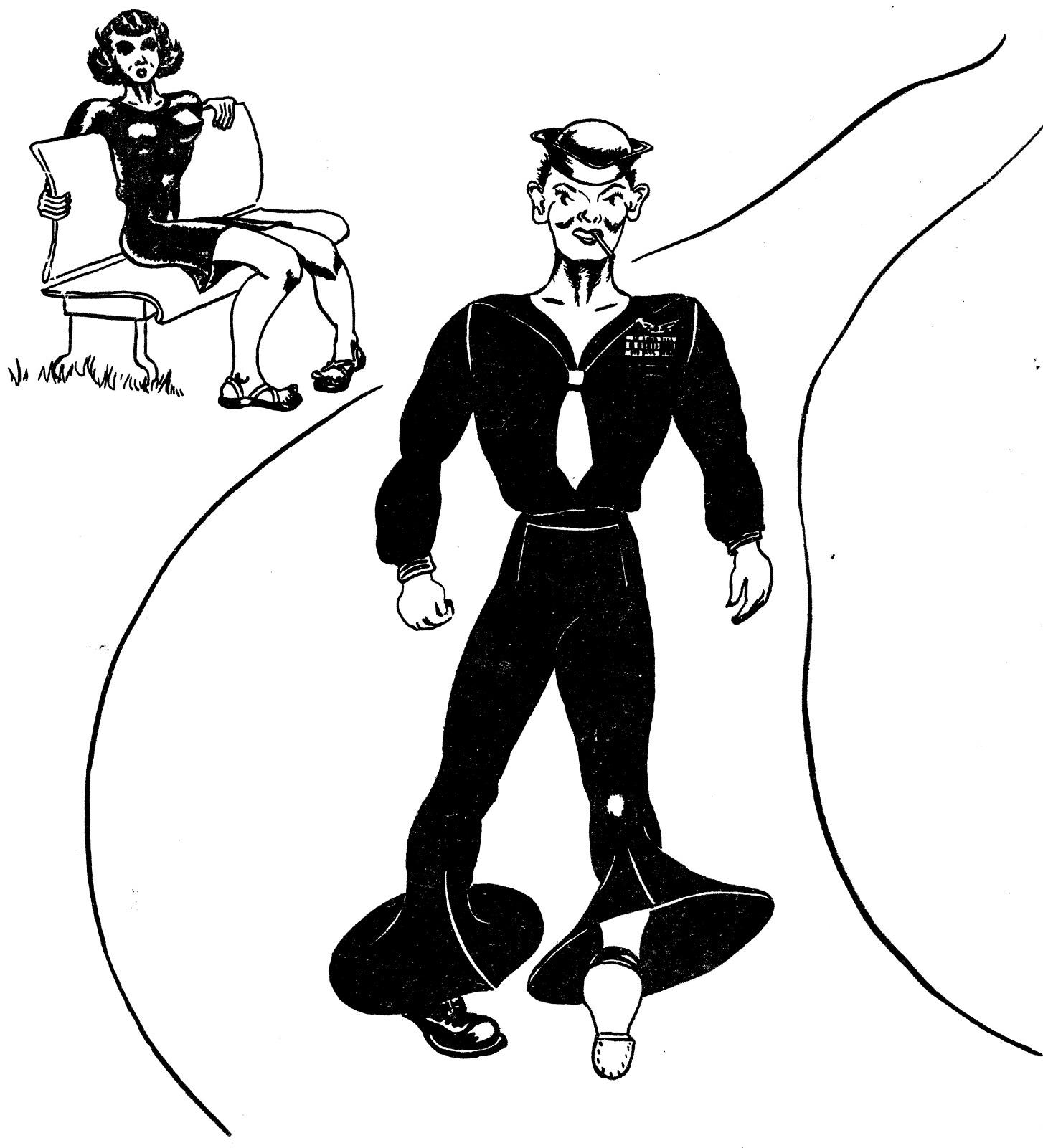
*Intestines were a-dangling from his paratrooper boots,  
They picked him up still in his 'chute and poured him from his  
boots,*

*He ain't gonna jump no more!!*

### **CHORUS**

*Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,  
He ain't gonna jump no more!!!*





## **WHITE MISTRESS**

Tune: "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"

*Oblivious  
Lands  
Afar  
Land  
"Dawn,"  
White  
"Dark."  
Are  
the  
girls  
written  
in  
the  
air?*

**I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
Just like the ones I used to know,  
With lips empassioned and charms unratiomed,  
And thighs that glisten like the snow.**

**I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
The kind that the Arabs do not know.  
For though colors may change at night,  
Yet may all my mistresses be white.**

**I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
Unmarred by wind or dust or sun,  
Like a supple willow with breasts to pillow,  
My tired head when day is done.**

**I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
Who's neither yellow, tan, nor black,  
But dreaming's not any fun, so  
Knock it off and let's all hit the sack.**

# It's the Sime the 'Ole World Over



*She was just a parson's daughter,  
Pure and unstyned was her nyme,  
First 'e 'ad 'er then 'e left 'er,  
And the poor girl lost 'er nyme.*

## CHORUS

*It's the sime the 'ole world over,  
It's the poor what tikes the blime;  
It's the rich what gets the grivy,  
Aynt it all a bloody shime?*

# 'IN THE CLOVER'



The act is number one, and we had just begun,  
Oh, roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

The act is number two, and we were in a stew,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

The act is number three, and he had me on his knee.  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

The act is number four, and he had me on the floor,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

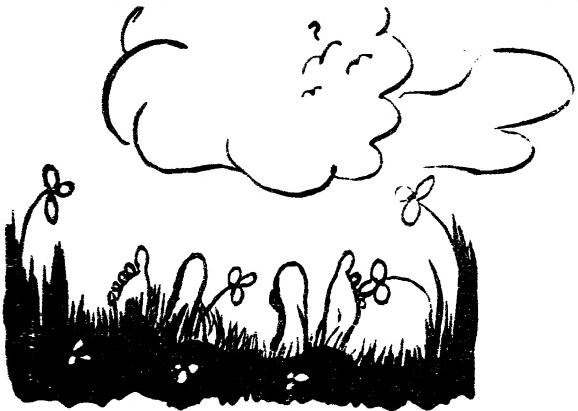
The act is number five, and we were both alive,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

The act is number six, and he had me in a fix,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

*The act is number seven, and we were both in heaven,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number nine, and the baby came on time,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*



*The act is number twelve, and we both were going to hell,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number twenty, and we both had had a plenty,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number thirty, and the story is getting dirty,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

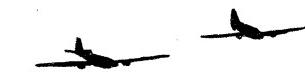


*The act is number ten, and we started over again,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number eleven, and the same as number seven,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*



# "BOMBED LAST NIGHT"



(Tune: "Drunk Last Night")

Bombed last night, bombed the night before,  
Gonna get bombed tonight like we never got bombed before,  
For when we're bombed we're scared as we can be,  
Oh, God damn the Japs with their bakugekiki!  
They're over us, they're over us, one foxhole for the four of us,  
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,  
'Cause one of us could fill it all alone.





## **I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO**

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.  
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more.  
A lady came in for some shoes one day,  
And I asked her what kind she adored.  
Pump she said, and pump I did.  
I did, but I don't any more.*

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.  
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more.  
A lady came in for some cloth one day,  
And I asked her what kind she adored.  
Felt she said, and felt I did.  
I did, but I don't any more.*

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.  
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more.  
A lady came in for some cake one day,  
And I asked her what kind she adored.  
Layer she said, and layer I did.  
I did, but I don't any more.*

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.  
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I d any more.  
A lady came in for hose one day,  
And I asked her what kind she adored.  
Rubber she said, and rubber I did.  
I did, but I don't any more.*

# LITTLE GOLD FISHES

*I wish all the girls were like little gold fishes,  
And I was a whale, I would grant them their wishes.  
Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,  
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

*I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits,  
And I was a hare, I would teach them the habits.  
Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,  
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

*I wish all the girls were like little white chickens,  
And I was a rooster, I would give them the dickens.  
Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,  
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

*I wish all the girls were like little green turtles,  
And I was a tortoise, I'd loosen their girdles.  
Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,  
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

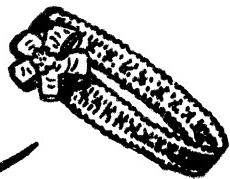
# " I WANT A BEER "



(Tune: "I Want a Girl")

*I want a beer, just like the beer,  
That canned up my old man.  
It was a beer, and the only beer,  
That daddy ever had.  
A good old-fashioned beer with lots of foam,  
Took six men to carry daddy home!  
I want a beer, just like the beer,  
That canned up my old man.*

# The Purple Garter



*On her leg she wore a purple garter.  
She wore it in the Springtime and in the month of May,  
And when they asked her why the hell she wore it,  
She said it was a soldier who was far, far away.*

*Far away, far away, she wore it for  
a soldier who was far, far away.*

*Down the street she pushed a baby carriage.  
She pushed it in the Springtime and in the month of May,  
And when they asked her why the hell she pushed it,  
She answered, "For a soldier who is far, far away."*

*Far away, far away, she pushed it for  
a soldier who was far, far away.*

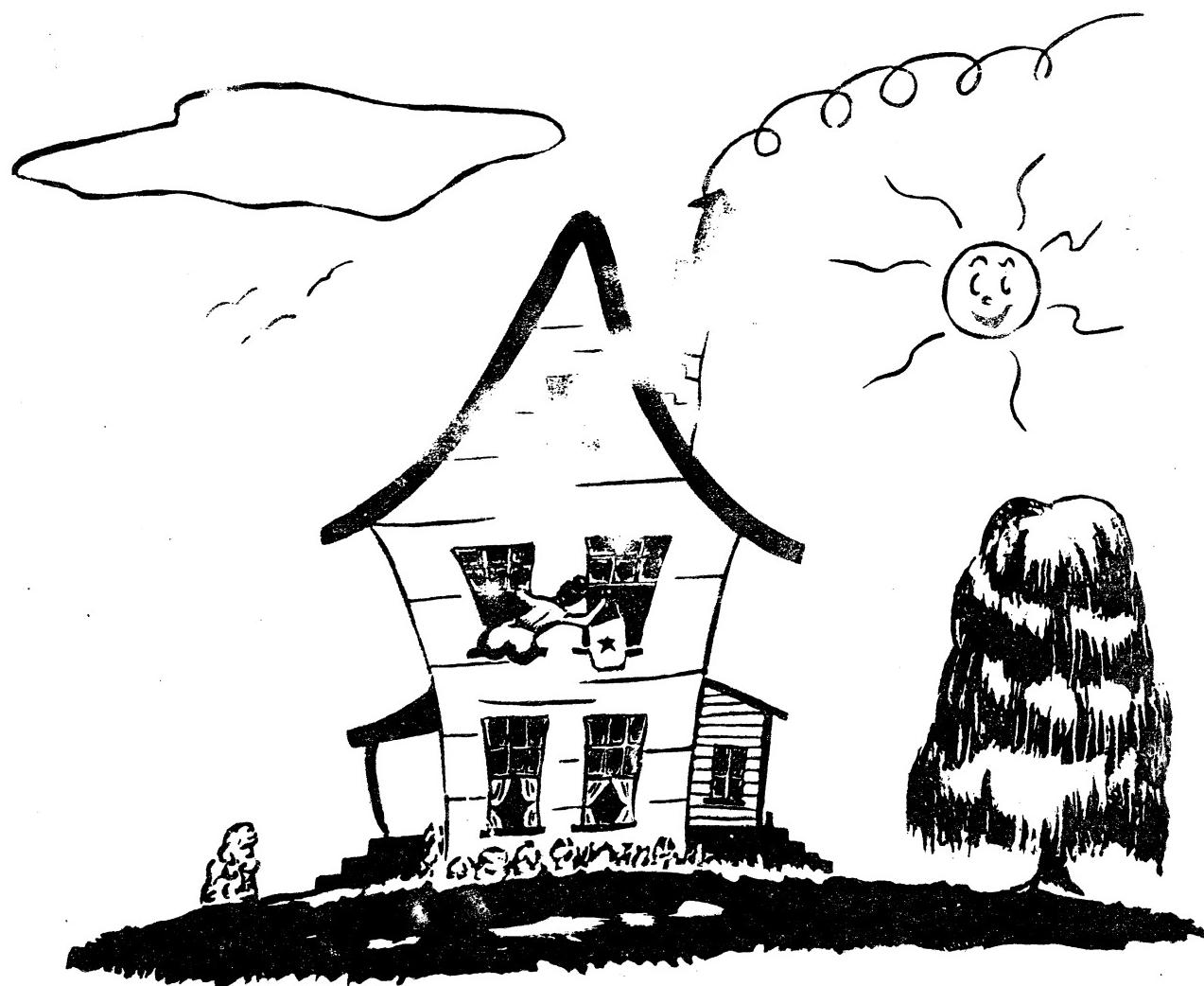
*Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun.  
He keeps it in the Springtime and in the month of May,  
And when you ask him why the hell he keeps it,  
He says, "'Tis for a soldier who is far, far away."*

*Far away, far away, he kept it for  
a soldier who was far, far away.*



# S.O.S. Song

O mother, take down your service flag,  
Your son's in the S. O. S.  
He's S. O. L. but what the hell,  
He never suffered less,  
He may be thin, but that's from gin,  
Or else I miss my guess,  
So, mother, take down your service flag,  
Your son's in the S. O. S.



TUNE RAMBLING WRECK FROM  
GEORGIA TECH



SITE OF  
NEW  
GARBAGE PIT  
CO. "D"

C. P. →  
901<sup>ST</sup> ENG. BN.

# INFANTRY

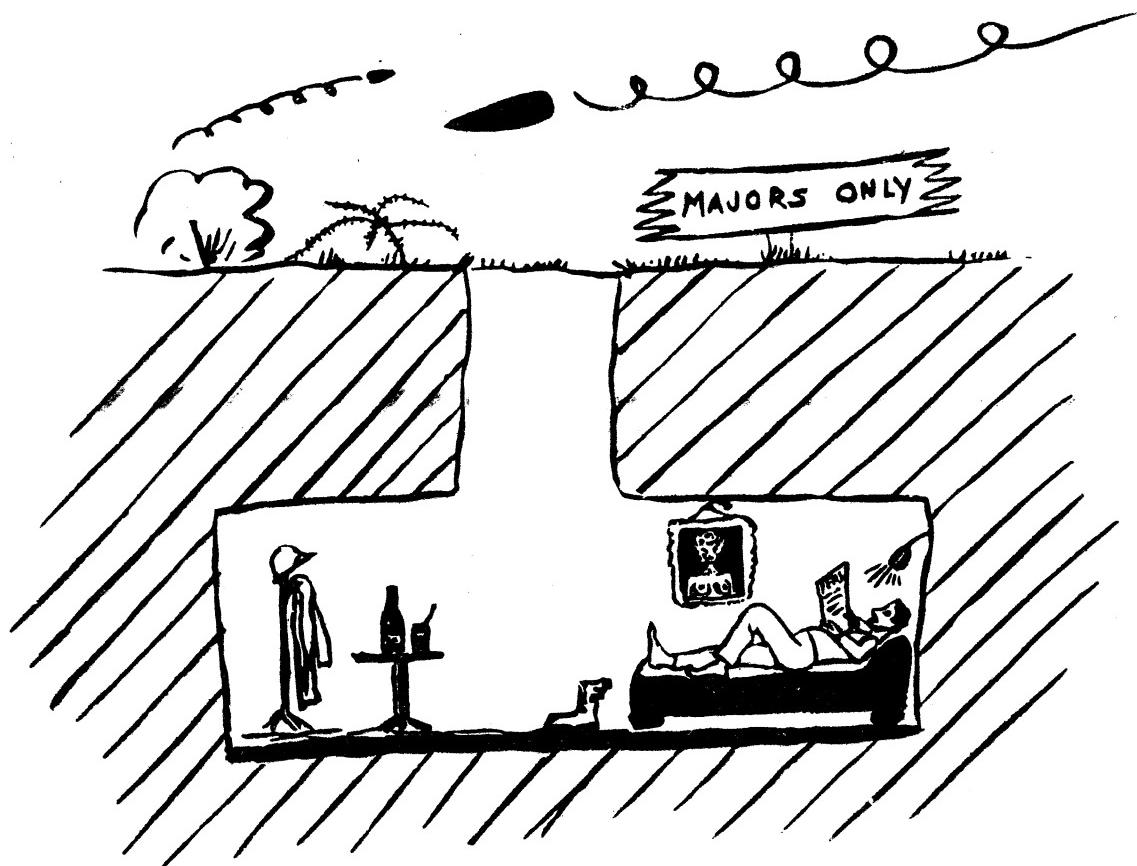
*O the Infantry, the Infantry,  
With the dust behind their ears,  
The Infantry, the Infantry,  
They drink their mighty beers,  
The Cavalry, Artillery and all the Engineers,  
Couldn't lick a squad of Infantry,  
In a hundred thousand years.*

*For its home, boys home,  
It's home we ought to be,  
Home boys home, in the land of Liberty,  
We'll hoist Old Glory to the top of the pole,  
And we'll all re-enlist —  
In a pig's ass hole.*



# "I Know Where They Are

If you want to find the Majors  
I know where they are,  
Yes, I know where they are.  
If you want to find the Majors  
I know where they are.  
Down in the deep dugout,  
I saw them, I saw them.  
Down in the deep dugout,  
I saw them,  
Down in the deep dugout.



**ALOUETTE**

**CHORUS**

*Alouette, gentille alouette,  
Alouette, je te plumerai.*

*Je te plumerai la tete, Je te plumerai la tete,  
Et la tete, Et la tete, Alouette, Alouette, Ah!*

**CHORUS**

*Je te plumerai le cou, Je te plumerai le cou,  
Et le cou, et la tete, Alouette, Alouette, Ah!*

**CHORUS**

*(Repeat all previous verses in reverse order)*

*Je te plumerai les ailes, et le cou, etc.*

**CHORUS**

*Je te plumerai les pattes, et les ailes, etc.*

**CHORUS**

*Je te plumerai le dos, et les pattes, etc.*

**CHORUS**

*Je te plumerai la queue, et le dos, etc.*

# *"Bon Soir, Ma Cherie"*

*Bon soir, ma cherie, comment allez-vous?  
Bon soir, ma cherie, je vous aime beaucoup.  
Avez-vous un fiance, ca ne fait rien—  
Voulez-vous couchez avec moi ce soir—  
Oui, combien?*



# I WANTED WINGS



*I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things,*

*Now I don't want them any more.*

*They taught me to fly, then they brought me here to die,*

*I've had my belly full of war.*



*You can save all those Zeros for the God damn Hero's,*

*And distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses,*

*I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things,*

*Now I don't want them any more.*

*I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,*

*I've no desire to be burned.*

*Air combat's no romance and it made me shit in my pants,*

*I am no fighter, I have learned.*

*You can leave the Mitsubishi's for the crazy sons-a-bitches,*

*I would rather lay a woman than get shot up in a Gramman,*

*I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things,*

*Now I don't want them any more.*

*I am too young to die in a God damn PBY,*

*That's for the eager, not for me.*

*I wouldn't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck,*

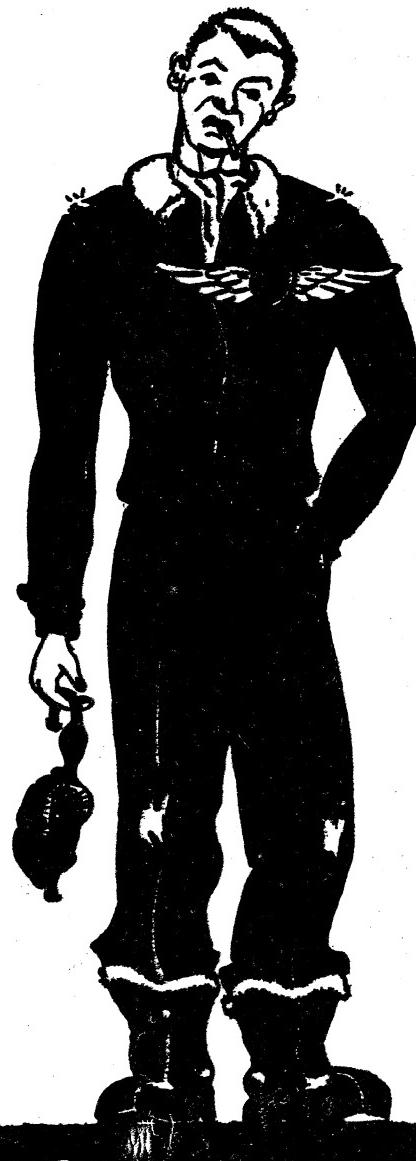
*After I've crashed into the sea.*

*I would rather be a bell hop than a flier on a flat top,*

*With my hand around a bottle not around a God damn throttle.*

*I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things,*

*Now I don't want them any more.*



# "FIFTY BAKER TWENTY EIGHT"



*He was over Rabaul bombing,  
When some "flak" got in his way,  
And his engine coughed and sputtered,  
And then called it a day.  
He was gliding for the channel,  
And was cursing at his fate,  
When suddenly he remembered—  
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.*

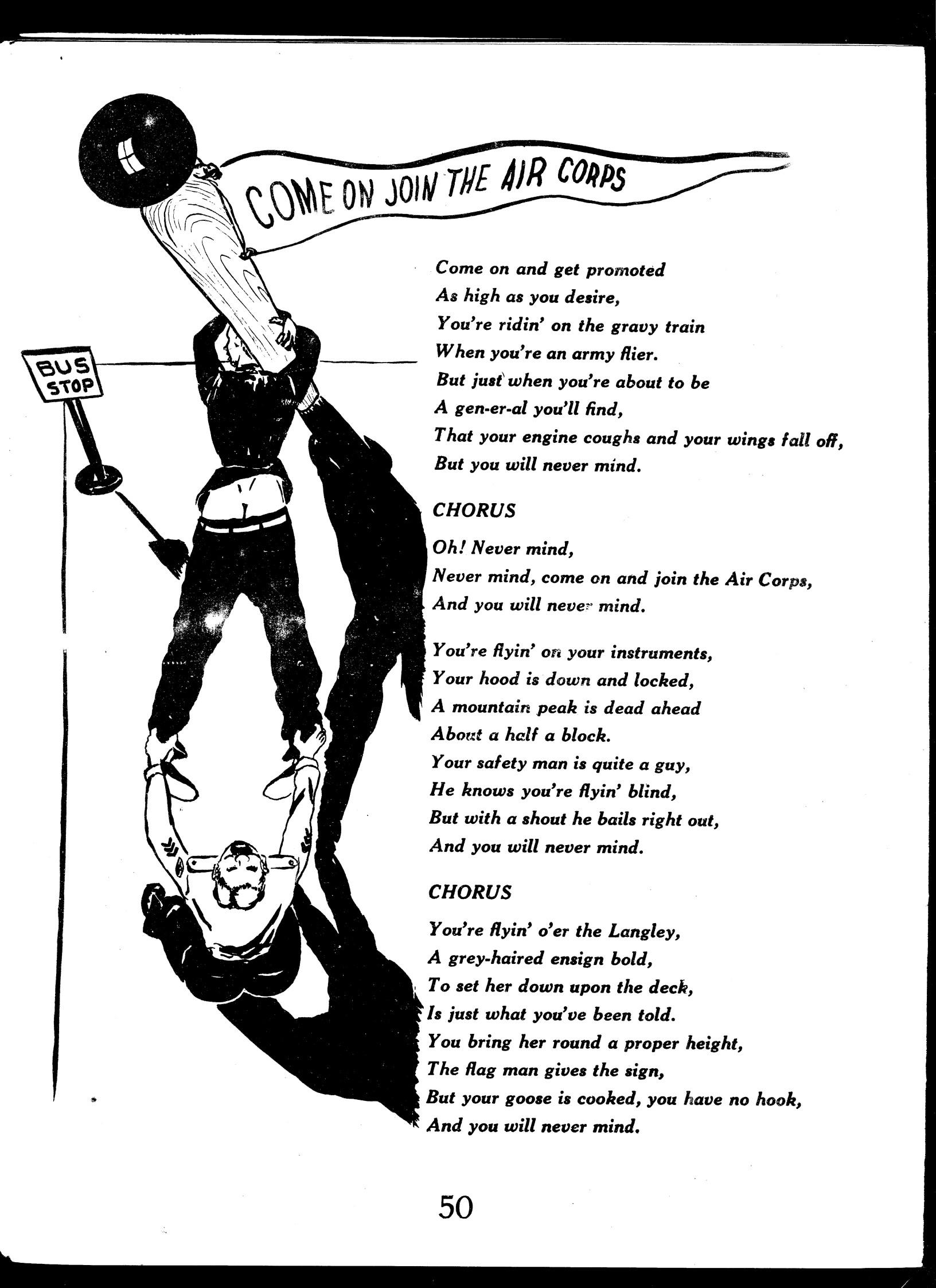
*He opened up his R/T,  
And he broadcast loud and clear,  
"This plane of mine has it—  
And the water's getting near.  
I'm fifteen east of Cape Gazalle,  
So please don't make me wait—  
Just send me out the dumbo,  
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight."*

*Till they saw the PV circling,  
And its fighter escort too,  
So that PBY came quickly,  
As the PV's always do.*

*They took one look and landed,  
And I'm happy to relate,  
They got them all home safely,  
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.*

*Now remember this, you fighters,  
And bombers large and small,  
If ever you get shot up,  
While bombing old Rabaul,  
Just head off down the channel  
And get some other "crate"  
To yell like hell to. "Dumbo"  
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.*





*COME ON JOIN THE AIR CORPS*

*Come on and get promoted  
As high as you desire,  
You're ridin' on the gravy train  
When you're an army flier.  
But just when you're about to be  
A gen-er-al you'll find,  
That your engine coughs and your wings fall off,  
But you will never mind.*

**CHORUS**

*Oh! Never mind,  
Never mind, come on and join the Air Corps,  
And you will neve<sup>r</sup> mind.*

*You're flyin' on your instruments,  
Your hood is down and locked,  
A mountain peak is dead ahead  
About a half a block.  
Your safety man is quite a guy,  
He knows you're flyin' blind,  
But with a shout he bails right out,  
And you will never mind.*

**CHORUS**

*You're flyin' o'er the Langley,  
A grey-haired ensign bold,  
To set her down upon the deck,  
Is just what you've been told.  
You bring her round a proper height,  
The flag man gives the sign,  
But your goose is cooked, you have no hook,  
And you will never mind.*

# A DRUNKEN SAILOR "

*What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,  
 What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,  
 What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,  
 Early in the morning.*

## **CHORUS**

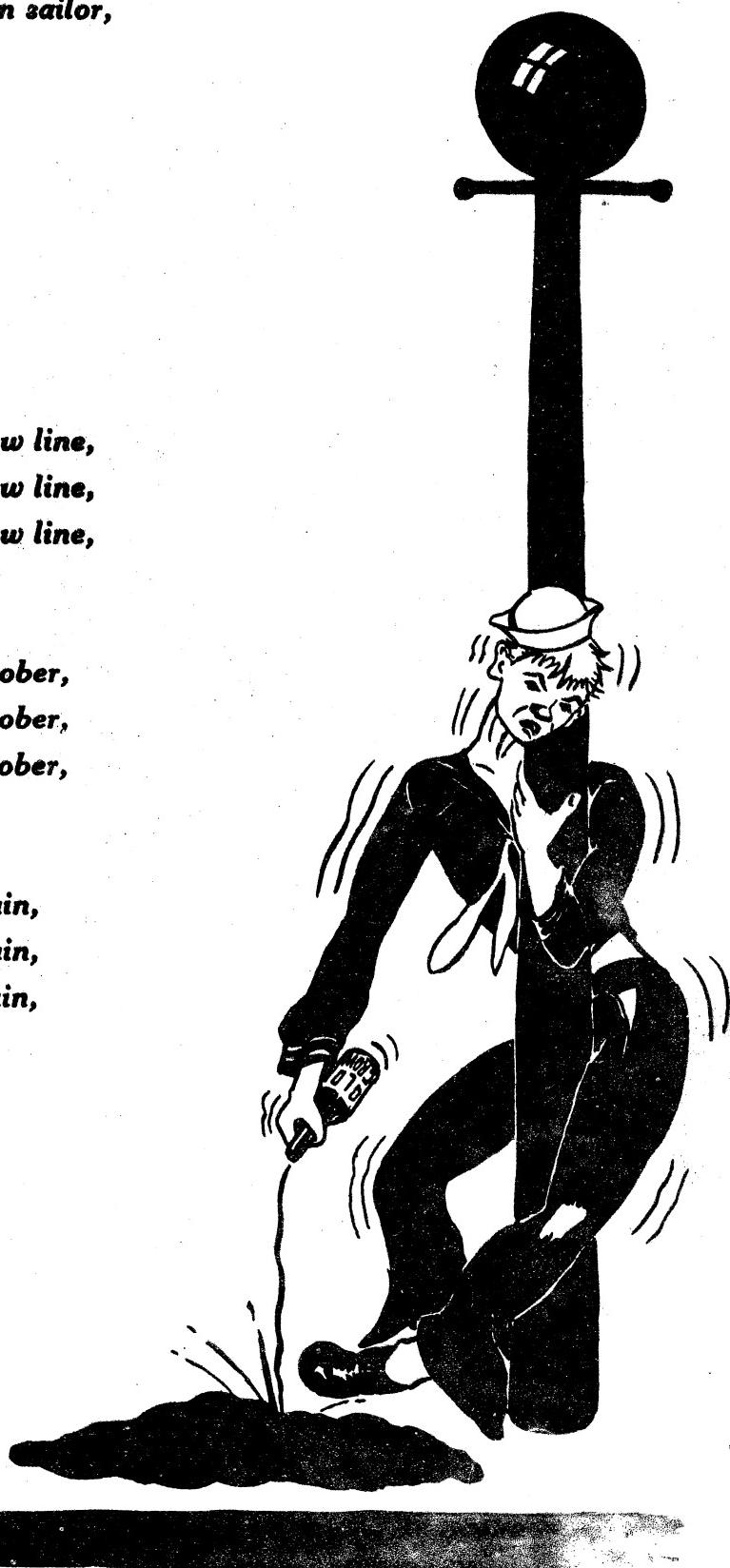
*High, high, up she rises,  
 High, high, up she rises,  
 High, high, up she rises,  
 Early in the morning.*

*Histe him aboard with a runnin' bow line,  
 Histe him aboard with a runnin' bow line,  
 Histe him aboard with a runnin' bow line,  
 Early in the morning.*

*Throw him in the brig 'til he gets sober,  
 Throw him in the brig 'til he gets sober,  
 Throw him in the brig 'til he gets sober,  
 Early in the morning.*

*Bring him to mast before the Captain,  
 Bring him to mast before the Captain,  
 Bring him to mast before the Captain,  
 Early in the morning.*

*Ten deep on bread and water,  
 Ten deep on bread and water,  
 Ten deep on bread and water,  
 Early in the morning.*



### **CHORUS**

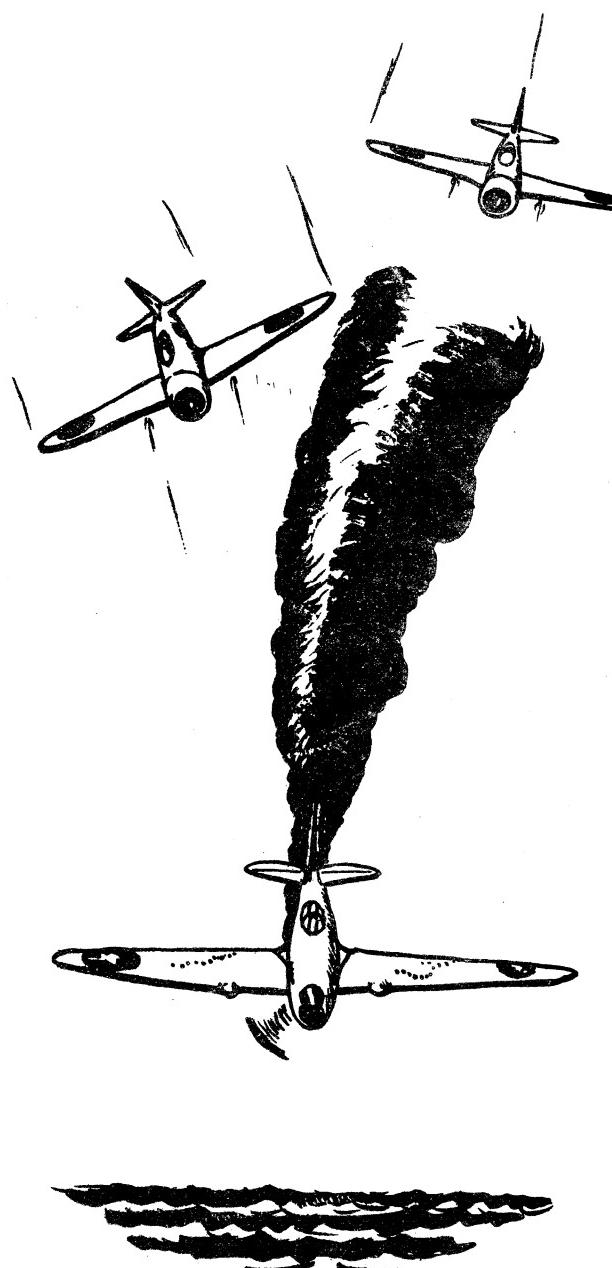
*Vow if you meet a Zero,  
And he shoots you down in flames,  
Don't belly ache about your luck,  
Or call the blighter names.  
For in about ten seconds flat,  
A happy home you'll find,  
'Cause you'll meet Pete and the angels sweet,  
And you will never mind.*

### **CHORUS**

*You're flyin' o'er the ocean,  
And then from where you sit,  
You see your props come to a stop,  
The engine she has quit.  
You cannot swim, the plane won't float,  
The shore is miles behind,  
Oh, what a dish for crab and fish,  
But you will never mind.*

### **CHORUS**

*You're the naval aviators and quite a fancy crew,  
But when the stuff  
Gets rough and tough,  
You'll join the Air Corps, too.  
You'll can the salt and tar the gear,  
Your sea legs leave behind,  
Come on an' join the Air Corps  
And you will never mind.*

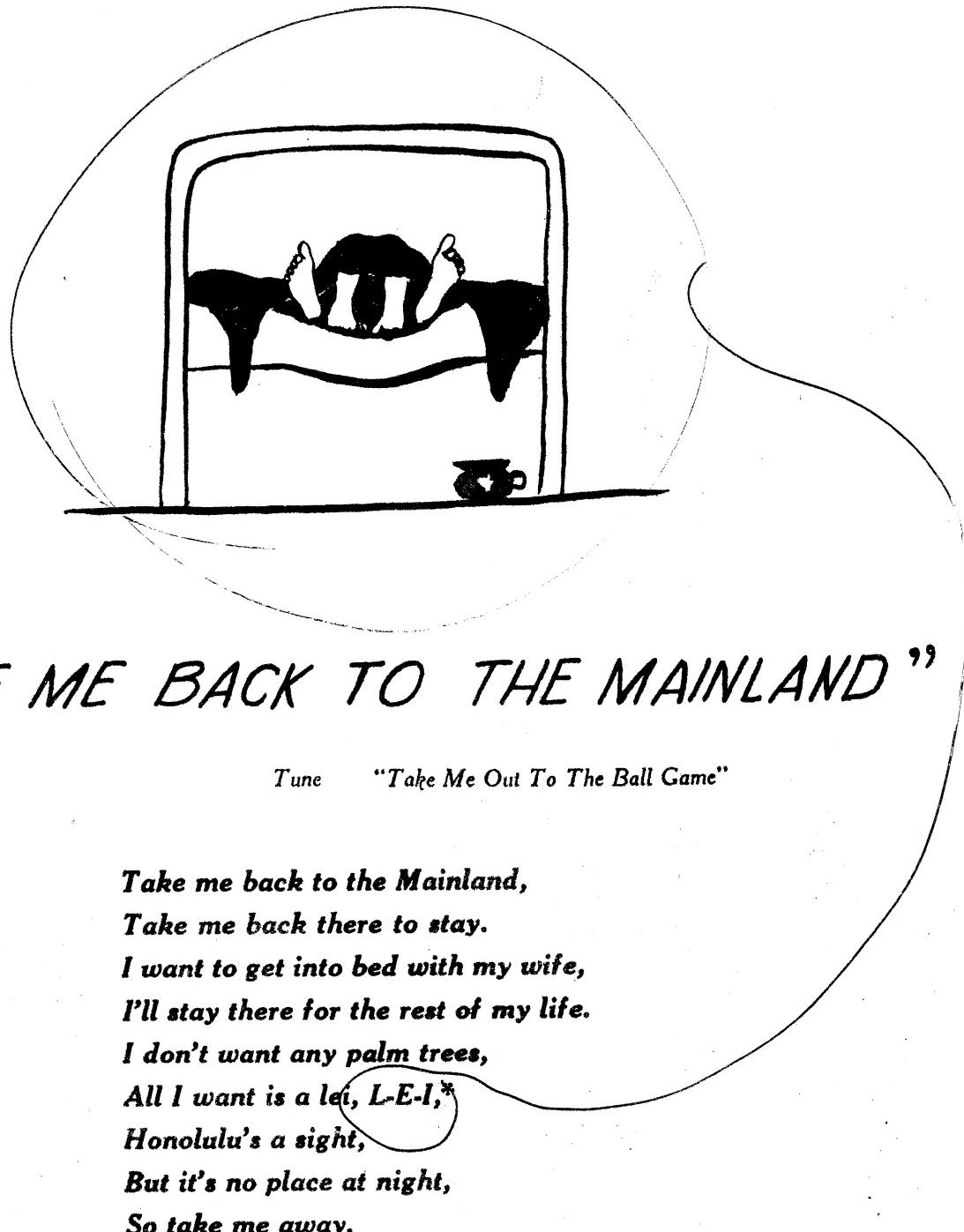


# "THE RAGGEDY-ASSED CADETS"

*The raggedy-assed cadets are on parade, on parade,  
The raggedy-assed cadets are on parade, on parade;  
They joined the army for the air but they'll play hell a gettin'  
there,  
The raggedy-assed cadets are on parade, on parade.*

## CHORUS

*Rolling on, rolling on,  
By the light of the silvery moon.  
A ha ha ha ha,  
A ha ha ha ha,  
The raggedy-assed cadets are on parade.*



## "TAKE ME BACK TO THE MAINLAND"

Tune "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"

*Take me back to the Mainland,  
Take me back there to stay.  
I want to get into bed with my wife,  
I'll stay there for the rest of my life.  
I don't want any palm trees,  
All I want is a lei, L-E-I,\*  
Honolulu's a sight,  
But it's no place at night,  
So take me away.*

\* LEI not to be confused with lay.



## THE SKIERS VERSION

*I was a barmaid in a mountain inn,  
And there I learned the wages of misery and sin.  
Once there was a skier fresh from off the slopes,  
He's the one who ruined me and shattered all my hopes.*

*SINGING 90 pounds of rucksack, a pound of grub or two,  
He'll schuss the mountains like his daddy used to do.*

*He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,  
He asked me for a kerchief to cover up his head.  
I like a foolish maid thinking it no harm,  
Jumped into the skier's bed to keep the skier warm.*

*Early in the morning before the break of day,  
He handed me a five note and with it he did say,  
"Take this my darling for the damage I have done,  
"You may have a daughter, you may have a son.  
"Now if you have a daughter bounce her on your knee,  
"And if you have a son, send the bastard out to ski."*

*The moral of this story as you can plainly see,  
Is never trust a skier an inch above your knee.  
For I trusted one, and now look at me,  
I've got a son in the Mountain Infantry.*

## **MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES**

*Mademoiselle from Armentieres parlezvous,  
Mademoiselle from Armentieres parlezvous,  
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,  
She hasn't been kissed in forty years.  
Hinky dinky parlezvous.*

*Mademoiselle all dressed in white, parlezvous,  
Mademoiselle all dressed in white, parlezvous,  
Mademoiselle all dressed in black,  
'Cause her Yankee didn't come back.  
Hinky dinky parlezvous.*

*The little marine he grew and grew, etc.  
And now he's hugging and kissing 'em too, etc.*

*Froggie, have you a daughter fine? etc.  
Fit for a marine just out of the line, etc.*

*O, oui, I have a daughter fine, etc.  
But not for a Yankee just out of the line, etc.*

# "HINKEY DINKEY"

## Pacific Version

*The girls say "no" or "dekimasen," parlez-vous,*

*The girls say "no" or "dekimasen," parlez-vous,*

*The girls say "no" or "dekimasen,"*

*Until they see a wad of Yen,*

*Hinkey, dinkey, parlez-vous.*

*At last we started out to sea, parlez-vous, etc. —*

*We didn't know how sick we'd be, etc.*

*We came to Pearl and sat and sat, parlez-vous, etc. —*

*And sat, and sat, and sat, and sat, etc.*

*They take us out to eat in a group, parlez-vous, etc. —*

*And even time us at our soup, etc.*

*They clock us when we go to the head, parlez-vous, etc. —*

*And even check on what we read, etc.*

*We've got to sign in on a sheet, parlez-vous, etc. —*

*To save the wear on Mashbir's feet, etc.*

*If you stop to talk to a guy, parlez-vous, etc. —*

*The Major gets that look in his eye, etc.*

*The checkers sit, red pencil in hand, parlez-vous, etc. —*

*And then rewrite every word they can, etc.*

*The department heads they call hancho, parlez-vous, etc. —*

*But they don't pay them any more dough, etc.*

## **BLESS 'EM ALL**

### *Mortarman's Song*

*We own the weapon that nobody loves,  
They say that our gun's a disgrace.*

*We come up 200 and 200 more, and it lands in the very same  
place.*

*Now there's many a gunner a-blowin' his top,  
Observers are all going mad,  
But devotion has lasted for that pig-iron bastard,  
The best gun the world ever had.*

*Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, shells heavy, big, light, and tall,  
Bless high explosives and pull out the pin,  
Check all your charges and drop the shell in.  
For it's out of the gun with a wham,  
Where it lands we don't give a damn.  
For it's over or under, if it's on it's a wonder,  
The life of a poor mortar man!*

### *Raider's Song*

*We are the Raiders from old Quantico, headed for old Tokyo,  
With special weapons to shoot up the town,  
Japs will be lying around.*

*Where we are to go they say nobody knows,  
Specially trained for a fight,  
So don't get no notions and drink up your lotions,  
C'mon and get into the fight!*

*Get your gun, get your gun, we've got Tojo's sons on the run,  
Don't let them stop or they'll come back for more.  
And when they come back then we'll really get sore.*

*Now they're saying good-bye to us all,  
As back to their Emperor they crawl,  
We'll drink all their sake and really go wacky,  
So line up your sights, make ' fall!*

# 'BLOW THE MAN DOWN

*Come all you young fellows that follow the sea,  
To me way — aye, blow the man down!  
Now pray pay attention and listen to me,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.*

*I'm a deep-water sailor just come from Hong Kong,  
If you'll give me some whiskey I'll sing you a song.*

*On a trim Black Ball liner I first served my time,  
And on the Black Baller I wasted my prime.*

*If when a Black Baller's preparing for sea,  
You'd split your sides laughing the sights you would see.*

*And the tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all,  
For you'll seldom find sailors aboard a Black Ball.*

*'Tis when the Black Baller is clear of the land,  
The crew musters aft at the word of command.*

*Lay aft, is the cry, to the break of the poop,  
Or I'll help you along with the toe of my foot*

*Pay attention to orders, now you one and all,  
For see, right above you there flies the Black Ball.*

*'Tis larboard and starboard on deck you will sprawl,  
For Kicking Jack Williams commands that Black Ball.*



# "VIVE L'AMOUR"

*Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass,  
Vive la compagnie!  
And drink to the health of our glorious class.*

## **CHORUS**

*Vive la compagnie!  
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour;  
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
Vive l'amour! vive l'amour!  
Vive la compagnie!*

*Let every married man drink to his wife,  
Vive la compagnie!  
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life.*

## **CHORUS**

*Come, fill up your glasses; I'll give you a toast,  
Vive la compagnie!  
Here's a health to our friend our kind worthy host.*

## **CHORUS**

*Since all with good humour you've toasted so free,  
Vive la compagnie!  
I hope it will please you to drink now with me.*

# "THE MERMAID"

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,  
And we were not far from the land,  
When the Captain he spied a lovely mermaid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

## CHORUS

Oh! the ocean wave may roll,  
And the stormy winds may blow,  
While we jolly sailors go skipping to the tops,  
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below,  
And the landlubbers lying down below.

Then up spake the Captain of our gallant ship,  
And a wellspoken man was he,  
"I have married me a wife in Salem town,  
And tonight she a widow will be, will be, will be,  
And tonight she a widow will be."

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,  
And a fat old cook was he;  
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots,  
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,  
And a well-spoken ladie was he;  
"I've a father and mother in Boston city,  
But tonight they childless will be."

# "MY MONEY MAKING FAMILY"

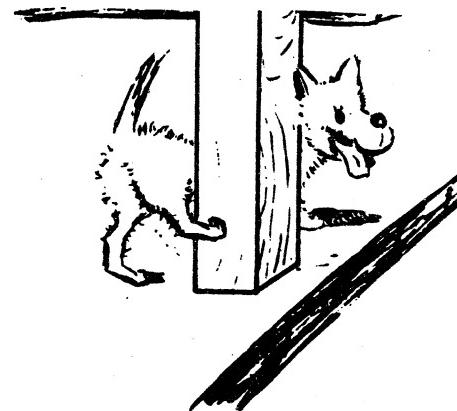
Tune "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

*My mother makes snow-balls for snow-birds,  
My father brews synthetic gin,  
My sister sells love on the corner,  
My God, how the money rolls in.*

## CHORUS

*Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in;  
Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God, how the money rolls in.*

*My grandfather pimps for a cat-house,  
With never a feeling of sin,  
Dear Grandma makes dough as the madame,  
My God, how the money rolls in.*





### **WASHBOARD BLUES**

*Coney Island washboard she would play,  
You could hear her on the boardwalk ever day.  
The little bubbles all around  
And the soapsuds on the ground,  
Rub-a-dub-a-dub  
In her little tub  
All these tunes she found.*

*The little thimbles on her fingers made the noise,  
She played the "Charleston" on the laundry for the boys;  
She could rag a tune right straight through the knees  
Of a brand-new suit of B-V-D's  
Coney Island washboard, 'round the bay.*

# "CONEY ISLAND BABY"

*Good-bye, my Coney Island baby,  
Farewell, my own true love.  
I'm gwine to go away and leave you—  
Never see you any more.*

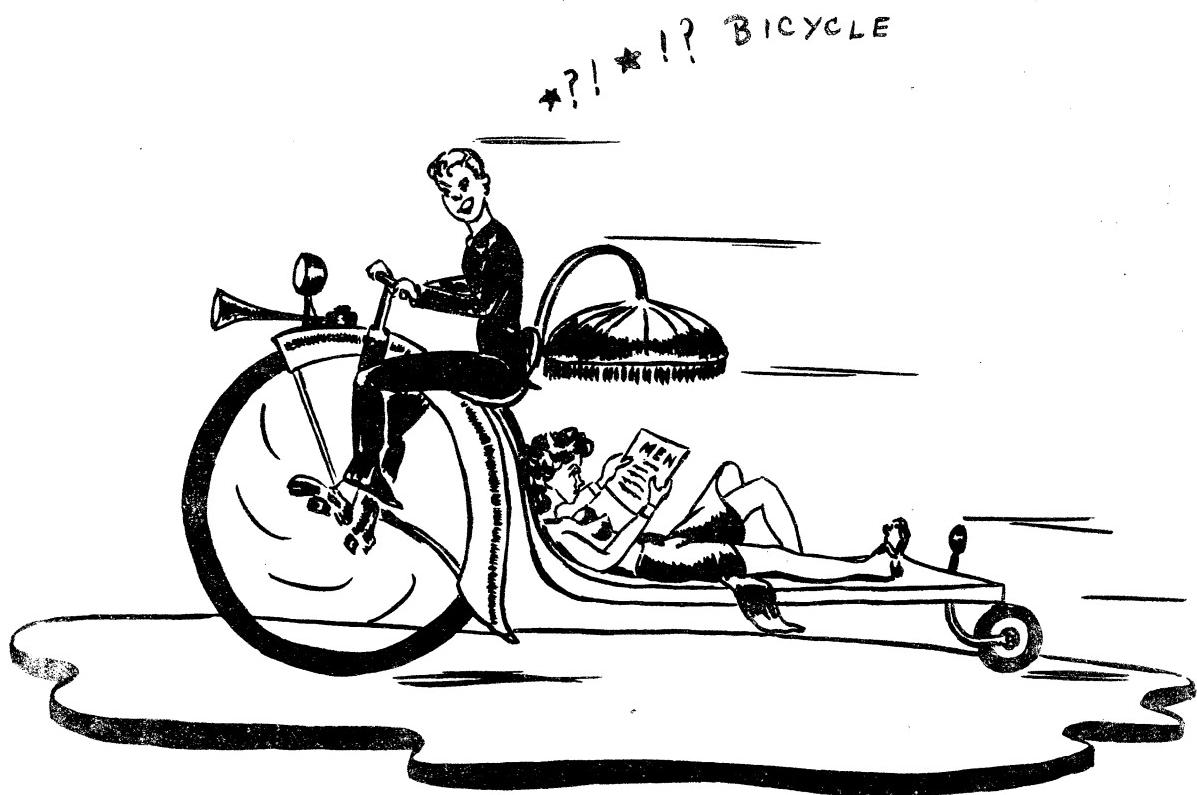
*I'm gwine to hop aboard that ferry boat,  
Never to return again—  
Good-bye,  
So long,  
Farewell, forever.  
Good-bye, my Coney Island babe.*



# Mary Ann's

*Let's all go down to Mary, Mary Ann's,  
    Tickle a tune upon the pianola,  
There's always something nice, waiting on the ice,  
    You never have to ask for a drink of coca-cola.  
Her front door is never, never locked,  
    You never know what time it is, the hands are off the clock,  
So we won't be home until morning—from down at Mary Ann's.*





## "BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO"

*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true, I'm half crazy for the  
love of you,*

*It won't be a stylish marriage; I can't afford a carriage,  
But you'd look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.*

*Michael, Michael, here is your answer, dear. I won't cycle, it  
makes me feel too queer,*

*If you can't afford a carriage, there won't be any marriage,  
For I'll be damned if I'll be crammed on a bicycle built for two.*

# "ROLL OUT THE BARREL"

*Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun.*

*Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run.*

*Zing! Boom! Ta — rarrel! Ring out a song of good cheer,*

*Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here!*



# "A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN"

*As Sung by Susie*



*A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail,  
A cat without a whisker, a kite without a tail.  
So listen, mah honey, won't you listen to me  
Cause I would have you to understand,  
That if there's one thing worse in this universe,  
It's a woman, I say a woman, a pretty woman without a man.  
You can take a silver dollar, and throw it on the ground,  
And it will ro-o-oll, ro-o-oll.  
But a woman never knows what a good man she's got  
Until he turns her dow-ow-own.  
Now listen, my honey, won't you listen to me  
Cause I would have you to understand,  
That as a dollar goes from hand to hand, a woman goes from  
man to man.  
In a taxi??  
A woman goes from man to man  
Down at Gimble's??  
A woman goes from man to man.*

## THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

*Oh, I am a weaver and I live all alone,  
And I work at the weavers' trade;  
And the only, only thing I ever did wrong,  
Was to woo a fair young maid.*

*I wooed her in the summer time, part of the winter, too,  
And there were many, many times  
That I held her in my arms,  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.*

*One night she came to my bedside  
When I was fast asleep.  
Oh, that pretty little maid came to my bedside,  
And there began to weep.*

*She wept, she cried, she damn near died,  
Alas, what could I do? So come cuddle into bed  
To that pretty maid I said  
And I'll keep you from the foggy, foggy dew.*

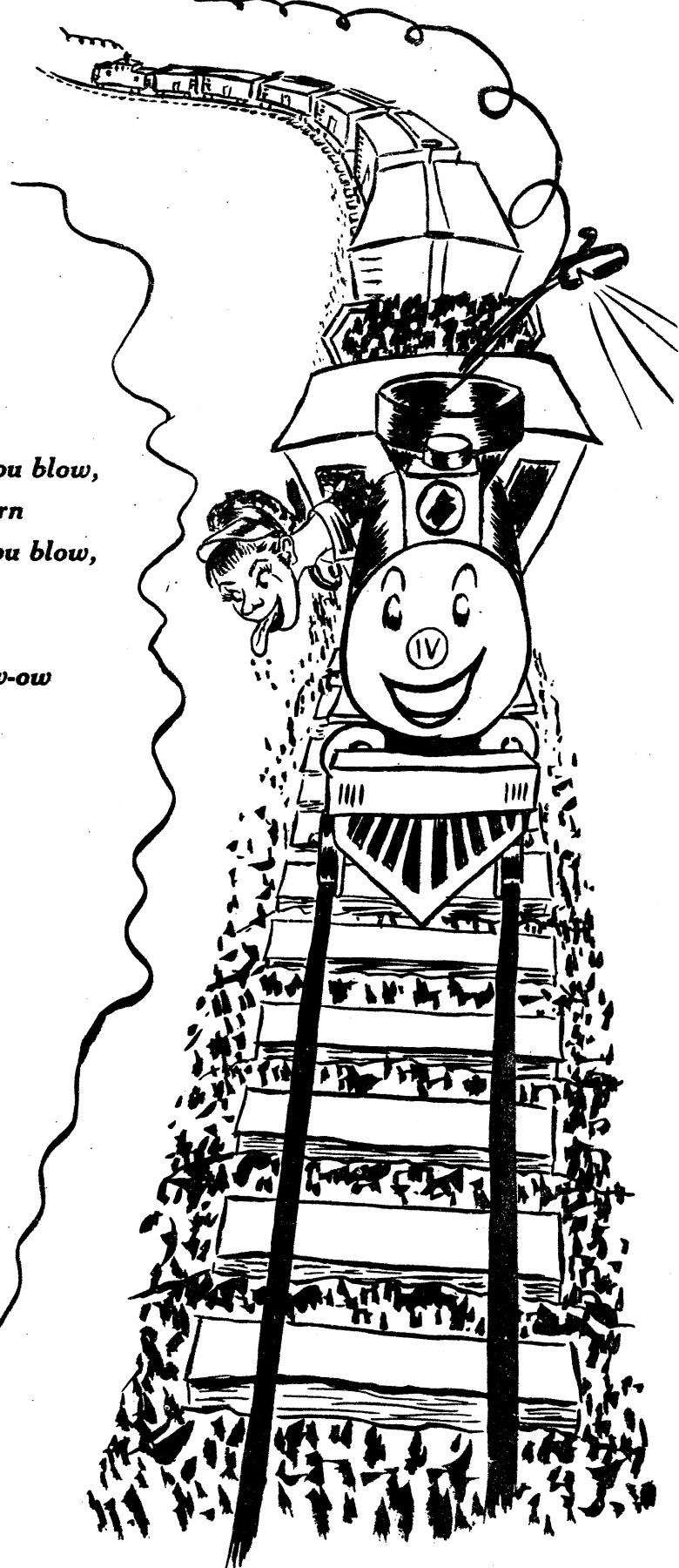
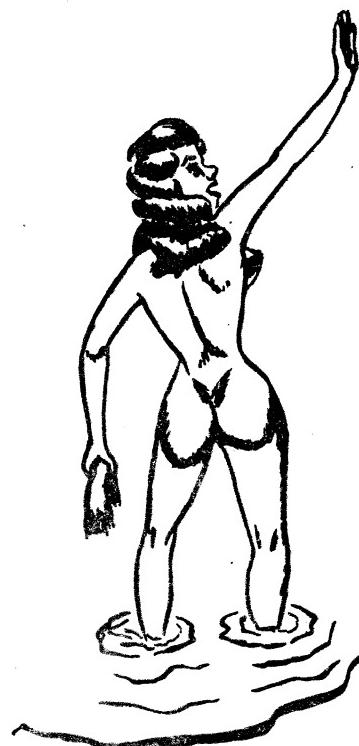
*Now I am a bachelor and I live with my son,  
And we work at the weavers' trade.  
And every time that I look into his eyes,  
He reminds me of that fair young maid.*

*They remind me of the summer time,  
Part of the winter, too;  
Of the many, many times I held her in my arms,  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.*

# "I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD"

I've been workin' on the railroad,  
All the live-long day.  
I've been workin' on the railroad,  
Just to pass the time away.  
Don't you hear the whistle tooting?  
Rise up so early in the morn;  
Don't you hear the foreman shouting?  
Dinah, blow your horn.

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn-orn-orn  
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn.  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Someone's in the kitchen, I know-ow-ow-ow  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Strummin' on the old banjo.  
Fe Fi Fiddle-i-o  
Fe Fi Fiddle-i-oh oh oh oh  
Fe Fi Fiddle-i-o  
Strummin' on the old banjo.



## **LOVE, OH LOVE, OH CARELESS LOVE**

*As Sung by Dick*

*Oh love, Oh love, Oh careless love,  
Oh love, Oh love, Oh careless love,  
Oh love, Oh love, Oh careless love,  
Just see what careless love has done to me.*

*Oh, now my apron strings won't pin,  
Oh, now my apron strings won't pin,  
Oh, now my apron strings won't pin,  
You pass my gate but you don't come in.*

*You pass my gate and you won't come in,  
You pass my gate and you won't come in,  
You pass my gate and you won't come in,  
But you can't pass my thirty eight.*

*I wonder what my mother would say,  
I wonder what my mother would say,  
I wonder what my mother would say,  
If she knew I was in a family way.*

*She'd wring her hands and bite her tongue,  
She'd wring her hands and bite her tongue,  
She'd wring her hands and bite her tongue,  
And say, "I did the same thing when I was young."*

# "LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL"

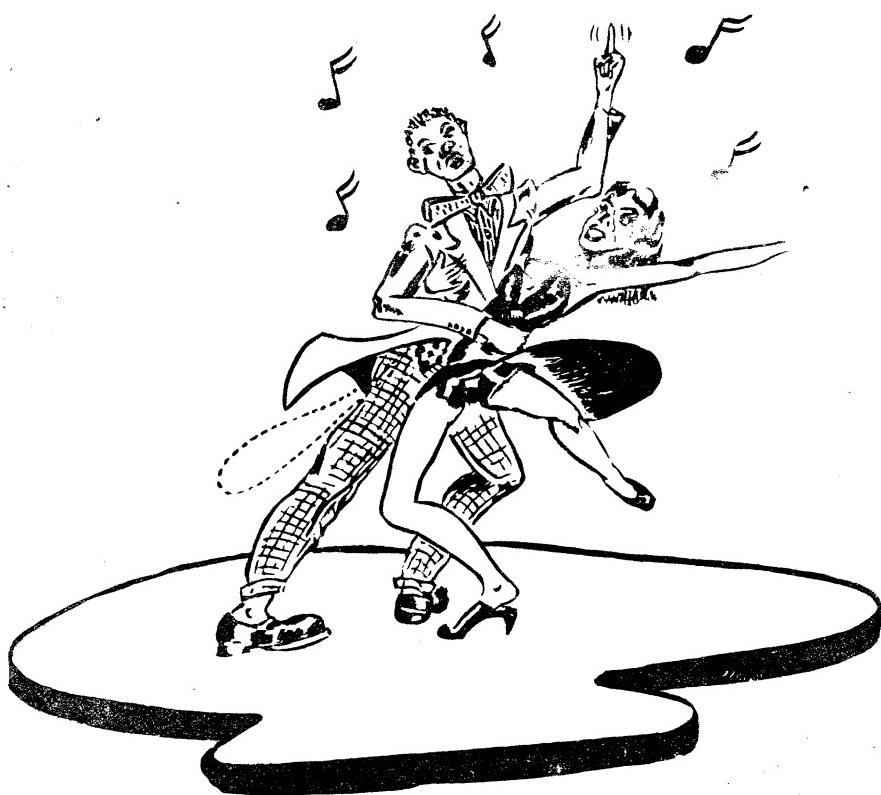
O, Landlord fill the flowing bowl,  
Until it doth run over.  
O, Landlord fill the flowing bowl,  
Until it doth run over.  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,—  
Tomorrow we'll be sober — maybe!

O, the man who drinks cold water clear,  
And goes to bed quite sober,  
O, the man who drinks cola water clear,  
And goes to bed quite sober,—  
He lives until he dies perhaps,  
He lives until he dies perhaps,  
He lives until he dies perhaps,  
So early in October.

But he who drinks his whiskey straight,  
And goes to bed quite mellow, (repeat twice)  
Lives as he ought to live, (repeat twice)  
And dies a jolly good fellow.  
The little girl who steals a kiss  
And runs and tells her mother, (repeat twice)  
Does a very foolish thing, (repeat twice)  
And seldom gets another.

# 'THE DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL'

*I'll be down to get you in a taxi, Honey,  
You better be ready 'bout half-past eight.  
Now, dearie, don't be late,  
I want to be there when the band starts playing,  
Remember when we get there, Honey,  
The two-step I'm gwine have them all,  
Gwine dance out both my shoes,  
When they play the "Jelly Roll Blues,"  
Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.*



## The Dutch Family



*The Dutch family is the best family  
That ever came over from old Germany.  
There's the Rotterdam Dutch,  
And the Potsdam Dutch,  
The Amsterdam Dutch,  
And the God Damned Dutch.*

*Sing Glorious, Glorious,  
One keg of beer for the four of us,  
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,  
For one of us could drink it all alone.*

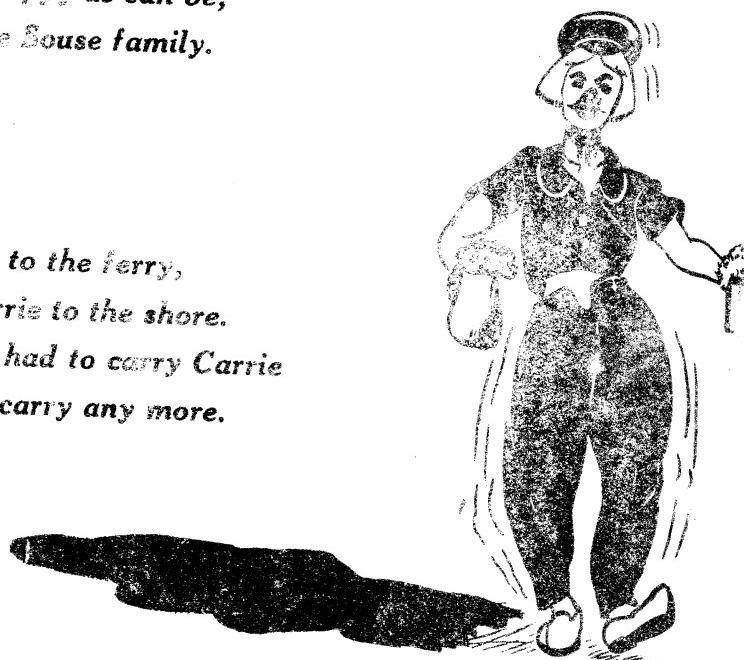


*Drunk last night, drunk the night before,  
I'm gonna get drunk tonight like I never got drunk before.  
When I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,  
For I am a member of the Souse family.*

*Sing Glorious, Glorious,*

*They had to carry Carrie to the ferry,  
Oh, they had to carry Carrie to the shore.  
And the reason that they had to carry Carrie  
Was that Carrie couldn't carry any more.*

*Sing Glorious, Glorious,*

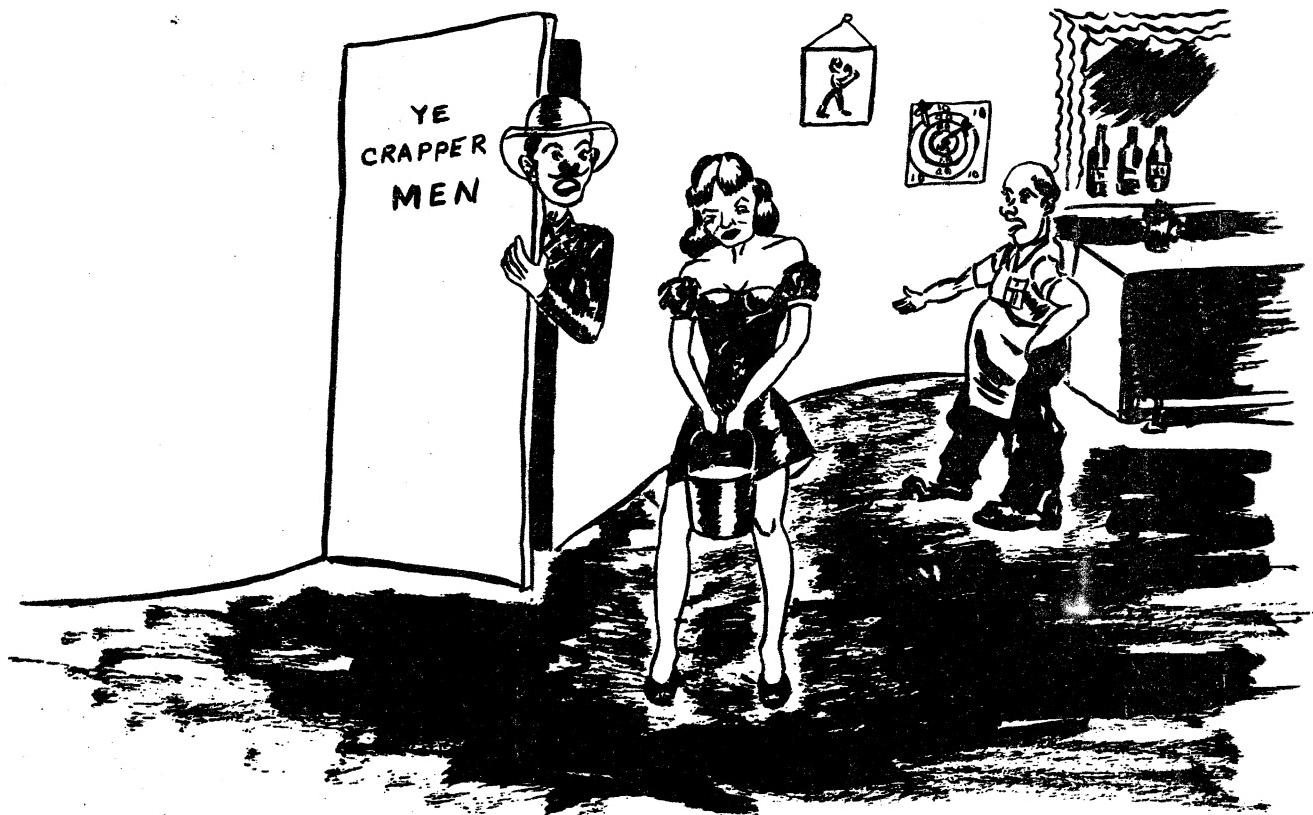




"THE DRUNKER I STAND HERE  
THE LONGER I GET"

# "Her Mother Never Told Her"

*'Twas a cold winter's evening,  
The guests were all leaving,  
O'Leary was closing the bar —  
When he turned 'round and said,  
To the lady in red,  
"Get out, you can't stay where you are!"  
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,  
As she thought of the cold night ahead,  
When a gentleman dapper leaned out of the crapper,  
And these are the words that he said:  
"Her mother never told her, the things a young girl should know,  
About the ways of servicemen, and how they come and go,  
The years have taken her beauty, life has left a sad scar,  
So think of your sisters and mothers, boys, and let her sleep  
under the bar!"*



# "The Landlady's Daughter"

*There once were three students who came o'er the Rhine,  
And enter'd an inn for a flagon of wine.*

*"O landlady, keep your good vintages, pray?  
And where is your pretty young daughter today?"*

*"My vintages all are as good as can be;  
My daughter is lost now for ever to me!"  
The students craved leave to behold the fair dead,  
And stood in her presence, whose spirit had fled.*

*The first raised the veil that was drawn o'er her face,  
And gazed on the form wrapt in Death's cold embrace.  
"Ah me! if on earth thou wert fated to stay,  
Fair maid, I would love thee henceforth from today!"*

*The next o'er her face drew the veil once again,  
And murmured these words in a sorrowful strain:  
"Oh! take from my heart this sad tribute of tears!  
Fair maid, I have loved thee most fondly for years!"*

*The third, thereupon, drew the veil from her brow,  
And, kissing her, cried, "Oh, how beautiful thou!  
I loved thee, yea, always; I love thee today;  
And still shall I love thee forever and aye!"*

# SAMMY SMALL

(Bless Them All)

Oh my name is Samuel Small, Bless 'em all  
Oh my name is Samuel Small, Bless 'em all  
Oh my name is Samuel Small and I'm only  
nine feet tall, but 'tis Better than none  
at all, Bless 'em all

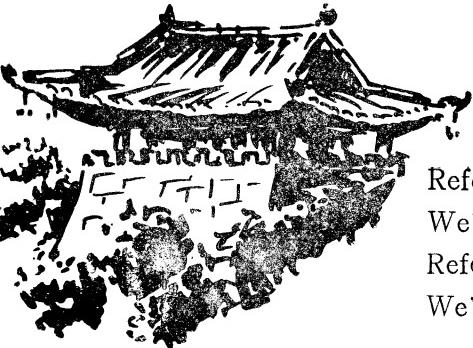
Oh they say I shot a man, Bless 'em all  
Oh they say I shot a man, Bless 'em all  
Oh they say I shot his dead with a piece  
of blessed lead.  
Well I hope the beggers dead, Bless 'em all.

Oh they say that I must swing, Bless 'em all  
Oh they say that I must swing, Bless 'em all  
Oh they say that I must swing from a piece  
of blessed string, What a silly blessed thing,  
Bless 'em all.

I saw Nellie in the crowd, Belss 'em all  
I saw Nellie in the crowd, Bless 'em all  
I saw Nellie in the crowd and she looked so  
blessed proud  
That I had to shout out loud, BLESS 'EM ALL.



## REFORM



A black and white line drawing of a traditional building with a prominent tiled roof and decorative eaves. The building is surrounded by trees and foliage.

Reform reform we'll reform the world  
We'll reform the world from sin  
Reform reform, we'll reform the world  
We'll reform the world from sin.

# KOREA & ANTUNG

(Cigarettes & Whiskey & Wild, Wild Whiskey )

Once I was happy and had a good deal  
I flew 86 s in old Victorville  
They asked for volunteers and said son  
    you will do  
The next thing I knew I was in old Taegu

CHORUS:

Krorea and Antung and wild, wild Pongang  
They'll drive you apeshit they ll drive  
    you insane.

Korea and Antung and wild wild Pongang  
They'll drive you apeshit they ll drive  
    you insane

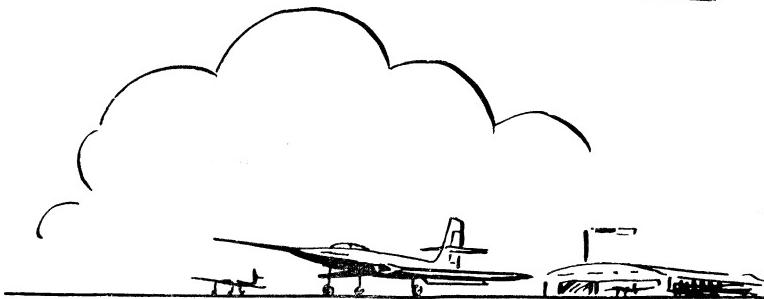
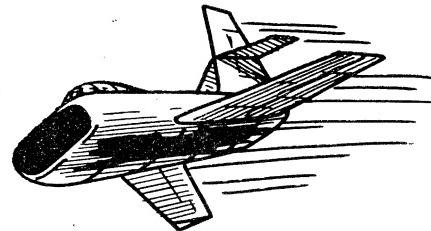
The 6 chosen was frozen and covercd with  
ice

From 35,000 it looked mighty nice  
But ask any foot soldier he'll set you  
    plum straight

It's covered with Red s blood and  
bedded with hate.

CHORUS:

The MIG is a blot on the whole human race  
A man is a monkey to give one a chase  
Here's my advise take warning dear  
    brother  
There's fire on one end and connons on  
t'other.



# **JUST MAKE ME OPERATIONS**

Don't give me a P-38  
with props that counter rotate  
She'll loop, roll, and spin But she'll  
soon auger in Don't give me a P-38.

## **CHORUS**

Just make me Operations Way out there  
on some lonely atoll For I'm too young  
to die I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-38  
With an Allison mounted behind  
Etc Etc Etc

## **CHORUS**

Don't give me an ole thunderjug  
The ship that lands with a thud  
Etc Etc Etc

## **CHORUS**

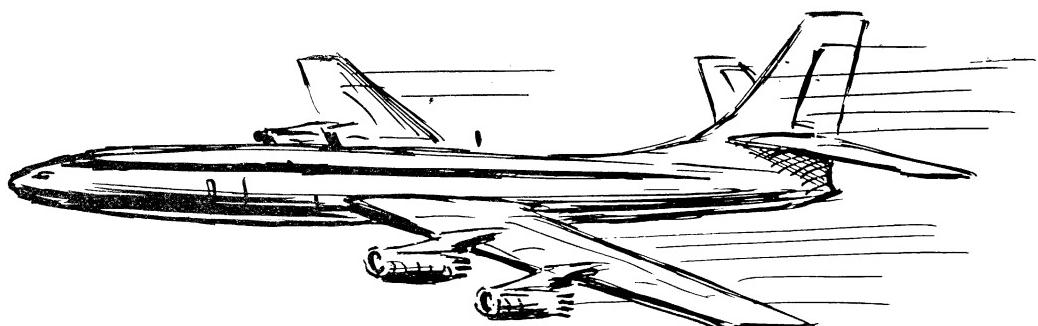
Don't give me a P-51  
The ship that's built just for fun  
Etc Etc Etc

## **CHORUS**

Don't give me an F-80A  
With ailerons that lock every day  
Etc Etc Etc

## **CHORUS**

Don't give me an ole Thunder jet  
The ship with no prop pitch to set  
Etc Etc Etc



There's not a single thing to do but sit  
around and sing  
And all our crews are women...  
Oh death, where is thy sting.  
Oh death, where is thy sting a ling, a  
ling,  
Oh death, where is thy sting...  
The bells of hell will ring a-ling,  
a-ling  
For you but not for me.

## NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

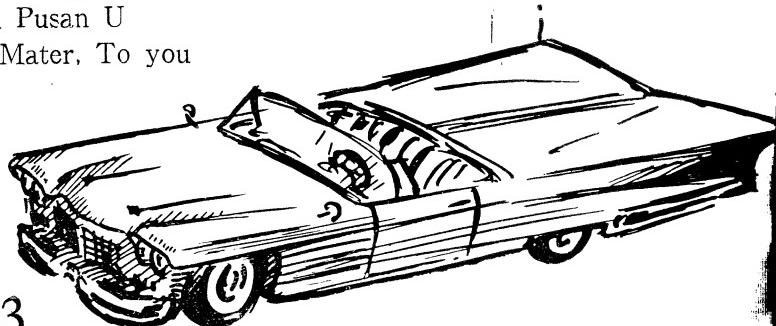
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in  
hell, There are no fighter pilots down  
in hell,  
The place is full of queers, navigators,  
bombadiers  
But there are no fighter pilots down in  
hell.

## PUSAN U

We were roaring around the country side  
T'was down near Pusan Bay  
We stopped into a bar  
Just to pass the time away  
I met a girl who said "How'd Do"  
She hailed from old Chin Ju  
I as'ed here what her school was  
She said "OH PUSAN U"

### CHORUS:

Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
The finest school in all the land  
The University that's grand  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alma Mater, To you  
Oh Pusan U



# EARLY ABORT

Oh, my name is Col Thomas, I'm the leader of  
the group

Just step into my briefing room, I'll give  
you all the poop

I'll tell you where the bogies are and how  
to dodge the flak

I'll be the last one to take off, the first  
one to get back

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush  
Early abort, avoid the rush  
Early abort, avoid the rush for better  
days are coming bye and bye

Now we'll all line up and take off and set  
our course at ten

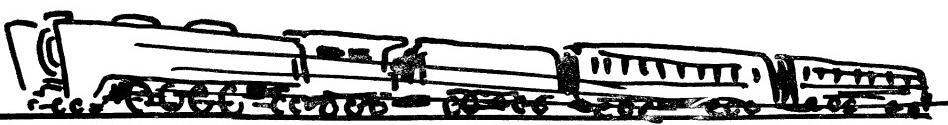
And when we reach ole Migrate we'll all  
turn back again

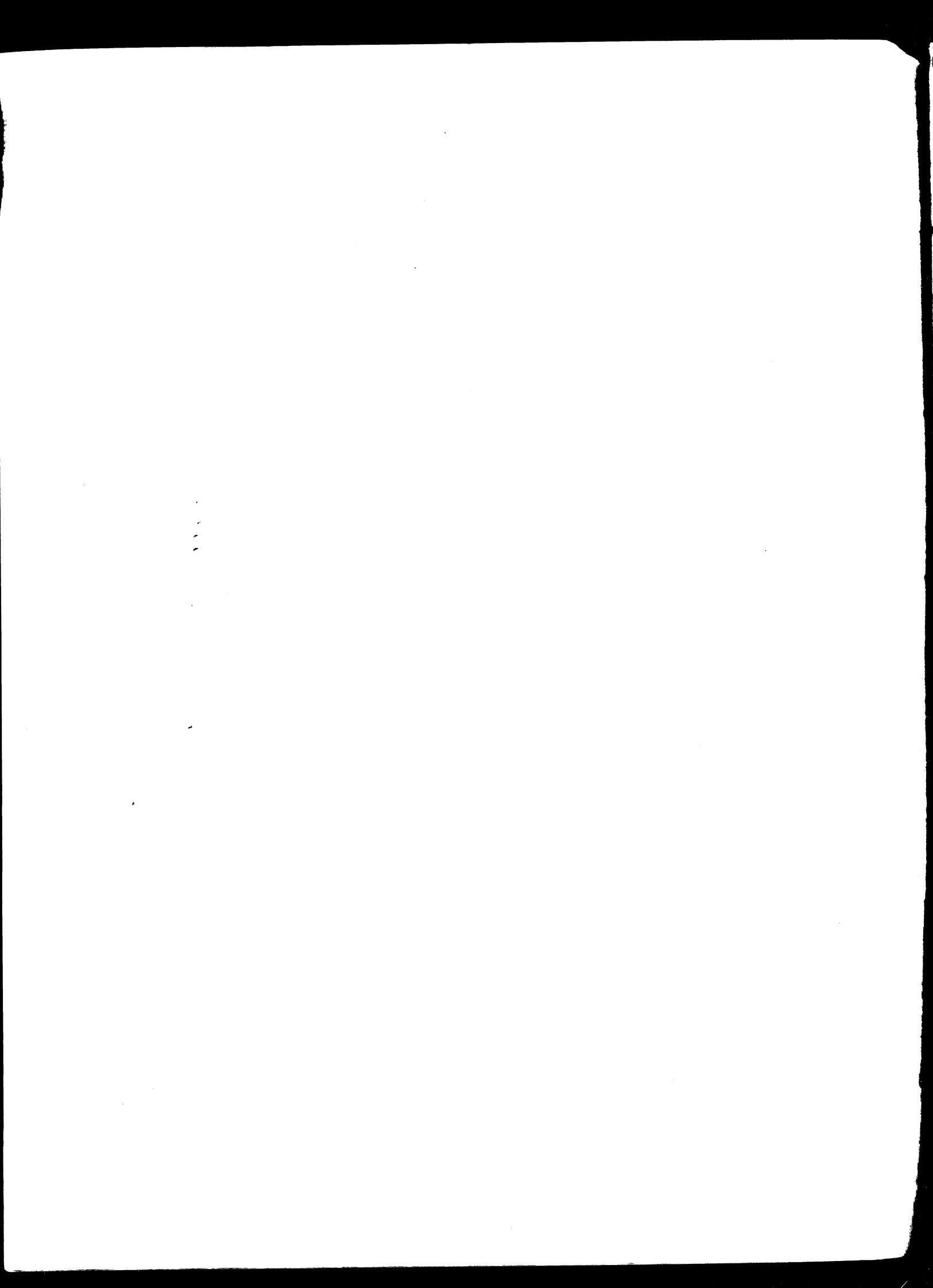
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we  
don't know where we've been

Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and  
belly in

CHORUS:

Oh we fly those Delta Daggers at a  
hundred bloody feet  
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in  
the bloody sleet  
We think we're flying bloody high, instead  
we're bloody low  
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful  
bloody blow





PACIFIC AIR FORCES

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

APO 953, San Francisco, Calif.

Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff  
Plans and Operations

27 March 1962

Dr. David P. McAllester  
University of Hawaii  
Honolulu, Hawaii

Dear Dr. McAllester

Attached is the book that I promised you with a few quick annotations on my part. A recent publication on this subject is "Air Force Airs" by William Wallrich; Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. I must admit I have a personal objection to Wallrich's publication in that he has placed a copyright restriction on items that I would assume through individual production and broad use would be in the category of public domain. I doubt whether he has a legal case to support his copyright restrictions but he nevertheless does have it recorded.

It was very nice having you with us and I hope you enjoy your short stay in Hawaii.

Sincerely

*John O. Moench*  
JOHN O. MOENCH  
Colonel, USAF  
Asst to DC/S Plans & Operations

*Con-8.  
On. 30*